



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Bellevue  
Pennsylvania





afternoon. I don't know what  
we will do - the country  
club dances have stopped, but  
there's always good music at  
the place like Hecla Park so  
maybe we can go there  
& dance - & dance -

Oh, Gosh, Hugo, Trevor,  
my feet are jumping  
around now. And my  
fists are just longing  
for some thing to punch -

57. Lime St.  
Lancaster  
Sept 19.

Oh, Hugo, carissimus! (I  
hope that is a real word!)  
You are just a wonderful  
man to come to see me!  
All the way in a ford, too -  
really, that is a sign of  
true devotion.

I can hardly wait - do  
start early in the morning  
so you will get here in the



Your letter came just as we  
were all about to get into bed!  
I had to laugh - it caused  
so much commotion (spelling?)  
But it was, or rather, is an  
awfully nice letter, Hugo, shugary -  
I was going to answer it the next  
morning as soon as I got up -  
yesterday, that is, & planned it all  
night long, but when morning  
came there was so much water  
kept asking me to do and I  
had to take a cake for a  
bridge party here last night, etc,  
etc, etc so here I am a day  
late, writing to Bfto instead of  
Washington, not at all as I  
planned! But any way, Big Boy,  
come just as fast as you can to  
Nona!



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Bellevue to

Glenside, Pa.



Herman & Syler  
Selinsgrove  
Pa

Manist Baker



ing back with her - I have been  
"Bellefonte-sick" ever since I  
left. But your letter which I  
got yesterday morning was  
wonderful, Hugo, I didn't know  
you could write such nice  
letters - it is almost as good as  
good as seeing you.

I left Bfto on Wednesday  
and on the way down had  
the most sickening thought:  
why hadn't I told you to  
meet us in Harrisburg & go  
to Lane. for a big dance.

what does querida mean? Friday morning.

Hugo, dear,

I'm lying in bed to  
write this - not that I've been  
knocked out again in a fight  
but merely that I'm lazy & my  
doting family say go ahead.

Ma even handed me this  
paper when I told her I wanted  
to write to you. I'm going to  
give it to Aunt Louise - a very  
special delivery - so that you  
will get it today!

Oh, Hugo, I wish I were go-



that night ??? It would have  
been marvelous if you had been there  
thru it, but I guess you were on your  
way to Attoua. However, if you  
go to Harrisburg again you must  
come here, dance or no dance, just to  
see me & let me look at you!

After day I went with Aunt L.  
to Downingtown - do you remember  
when we went thru Downingtown?  
On the way back we met Phil &  
Gordon, both quite sober. Woodie  
is taking a dog home with him.  
I think I'll creep into the box with  
the dog and jump out when we hit  
Blt and run until I find you -  
and then just contentedly listen to  
you saying "I love you - I'm crazy  
about you!" Oh, Hugo, sugary,  
hug me tight (that line runs constantly  
in my brain) - do you really? I don't believe it  
maybe! Now





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Bellfonte

Center County

Pennsylvania







I got here Sunday night and  
found a most agreeable  
roommate. Took my exam  
yesterday afternoon but I  
won't know the results till  
Thursday. I think I did better  
than ever before which is some  
satisfaction. I had been worry-  
ing and practicing drawing  
women's figures like mad,  
and then the model was a  
man!! My luck as usual!

Dear  
Cousin Minnie  
Today & she  
asked  
about you

58 East 78<sup>th</sup> Street  
New York  
Oct. 2.

Hugo dear,

You are most likely  
saying terrible things about me -  
but, please, don't - I've been  
awfully busy and awfully tired.  
I'm awfully tired right this  
minute, but I'm being a good  
little girl to you! This is the  
first letter I've written from  
this address - loved?



Today I was down at work at  
nine o'clock - just think of those  
hours for lazy me! But I like it.

That was a nice letter you  
wrote, Hugo, after that wonderful  
week-end. I like your letters - but  
Dad said that before, haven't I? It  
bears repetition, however. Do write  
often - letters are such a help to  
a struggling art student.

Give my love to the dear little  
ford - it certainly ought to have  
a medal for making that trip - and  
to be put in a glass case for the  
centuries to behold.

Big Bay, I thought I could  
write but I'm really too tired (getting  
acclimated, you know) but I'll leave  
to stop with the happy thought  
that you love me (really?) and  
that I am glad of it.  
always - Dues Dad.

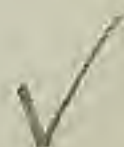




Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

Bellfonte

Pennsylvania









Yesterday I saw Williams  
beat Columbia and was over-  
joyed! I went with a class-  
mate & her Columbia brother  
and had to be awfully rude  
churing against them - but  
what else could I do? It  
was the first game I'd seen  
this season and all the old  
love came back full force -  
gee! it was great! It was  
on the new Baker field, a  
beautiful day and all the  
trees red & gold so my artistic

58 E. 78<sup>th</sup> St.

Oct. 28.

Hugo, big boy,

I'm sorry - but I  
won't make excuses - if you  
think I just didn't want to  
write sooner, you are not so  
nice as I think you are.

I liked your letter congrat-  
ulating me on my artistic  
successes - you are the kind  
who smiles when shaking  
hands with the defeater - but  
then, are you defeated?



sure was well pleased, too.

The red + gold trees gave me a shock - we have none in New York and I'd forgot their beauty. I thought of you in the mountains most likely never noticing it all - funny, isn't it? I walk to and from school every day thru Central Park but the leaves in the Park just crumble and fall off, leaving the beautiful women in timorousness to supply the bright colors.

So, New York is not colorless and does it more + more. My work is getting vitally interesting, the theatres are better than ever. On Friday I saw Martin Harvey in "Oedipus Rex" - simply marvelous but, oh, what a subject! Look him up if you don't know him.

I must stop & cook me some supper - please come to New York soon - and I'll cook you some supper! Can you resist that - and me, Nora?



Mr. Hugh M. Dringley

Bellfonte

Pennsylvania







in love, some that I'm getting  
artistic, but personally I think  
it is a matter of digestion!

I don't believe you'd like me  
much any more if you came to  
see me - my hands are always  
grimy, my clothes spotted with  
paint and I'm always per-  
fumed with turpentine - a  
horrible picture, isn't it?

But I love it - except  
when I think of you - for  
it means that I'm actually

58 E. 78<sup>th</sup> St.

New York

Nov. 22.

Dearest Hugo,

I'm in a  
queer mood tonight so don't  
be surprised if this letter stops  
suddenly and I take to trying  
to stand on my head - not  
that I'd rather stand on my  
head than write to you, but  
merely that I'm not respon-  
sible! I'm getting awfully  
queer - some people say I'm



working as hard that I don't care.  
Hugo, pray that I may be a great  
artist some day.

You are so nice, Hugo, shugary -  
I have a warm corn for table feeling  
when I think of you - and I find  
I have to think of you often in  
this cold studio in order not to freeze.

Tonight my "roomy" went out & I  
rather dreaded cooking supper all  
by myself but a girl who lives below  
came up & the mother of us two had  
to cook, we had a jolly meal.

I was so sorry to hear about  
Mrs. Kupper - do give them all my  
love & sympathy - and tell me  
the latest developments.

Tell Mary she is a pig - for I  
don't think she answered my last

letter - Hugo, big boy, I wish I could  
write as often as you want me to -  
indeed I do - but I'm such a simple  
little fool - & so tired - and anyway letters are  
such a damned poor substitute. Love  
Hugo.



Hugo, sugare - Aug-9 tight.



Blacktop

Wyd vs count

PLS.

Wyd vs count  
count vs count  
count vs count

Mr. King's point

King's point

Severely struck

Consenting place

100



Dear Hugo,

I'm eating a banana  
but instead of leaving the peel  
on your pillow I'll write this  
note - pretty sweet, isn't it? -  
and a sign of undying devotion.

I'm going home tomorrow  
and am quite sad about it. You  
see, it has been awfully lonely  
since you left - only yesterday!  
But two long bridge evenings  
I hate bridge, I seem to have no



Look at cards lately -

There's nothing to write to you  
about - but if you were here -  
oh, Hugo - big-boy, we wouldn't  
have to talk much, would we?

Yes, there is some news - I  
printed Billy today and it is  
really a strong point in your  
favor - "Art" is disgusted! But  
my excuse is that I wasn't in  
the mood - I was sort of lonesome.  
(That is going around in circles.)

Oh, well - good-night, Hugo -  
from Nora.

There  
are  
kisses!





Mr. Hugh M. Drigley  
Pennywina Pa  
Tyone  
Pennywa



MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER  
THE SALISBURY  
201 EAST KING STREET  
LANCASTER, PENNA.



Doesn't the pen write beautifully?

MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER  
THE SALISBURY  
201 EAST KING STREET  
LANCASTER, PENNA.

Jan. 3, 1924.

Hugh, dearest, I've just been brought home from the dance by Barbara and her sister - I got so tired and queer that she thought I was sick and made me come. I was glad - I wasn't sick, I was just wishing for you.

The dinner was great - I sat beside a visitor who handed me the most terrific line - I had to keep up with it but got so tired of it and I used to revel in it - it was that way all evening with all of them and it seemed



so silly and dull - one time I would  
have called the evening a success -  
tonight I could only wish I were sitting  
in a certain ford on a certain road  
near Austin with a certain - you! Oh,  
Hugo, you see what you have done  
to me and I'm so glad for it is won-  
derful to love you and have you love  
me. And hearing your voice tonight was  
just perfect. I could have talked forever  
if it hadn't been that - you must save  
money! You are so dear, Huglie.  
I got the telegram just after - I got  
here and Mrs. Weimar, my hostess, was



MRS. JOHN A. WEIMER  
THE SALISBURY  
201 EAST KING STREET  
LANCASTER, PENNA.

not here and, Hugh, I didn't know  
whether to scream or laugh or cry - so  
I smoked a cigarette. It is too perfect  
that Ma & Dad consented without a  
word, isn't it? Why are they all so  
good to us?

I've been furious ever since it  
came into my mind that I could  
have got to N. Y. early enough to try  
waiting till tomorrow - and we  
could have had the news together -  
Oh, damme (I must!)



well, it was almost worth this miserable evening to hear you on the telephone - the wire sort of intensified your dear-ness, till I almost went crazy.

Worked hard at the quarry at Union Furnace to see where you are these days. And then the haze on the windows on the other side the little lenses looked darling! Dis sorry my telegram caused you to be teased - I thought it was so calm, at that!

Hugo dear, I must go to bed now if I am to get to N. Y. & your letter alone Oh, yes - I told Bessie and he didn't say much and I told Knave & she was overcome with joy! Bessie! Good night - your Nora.



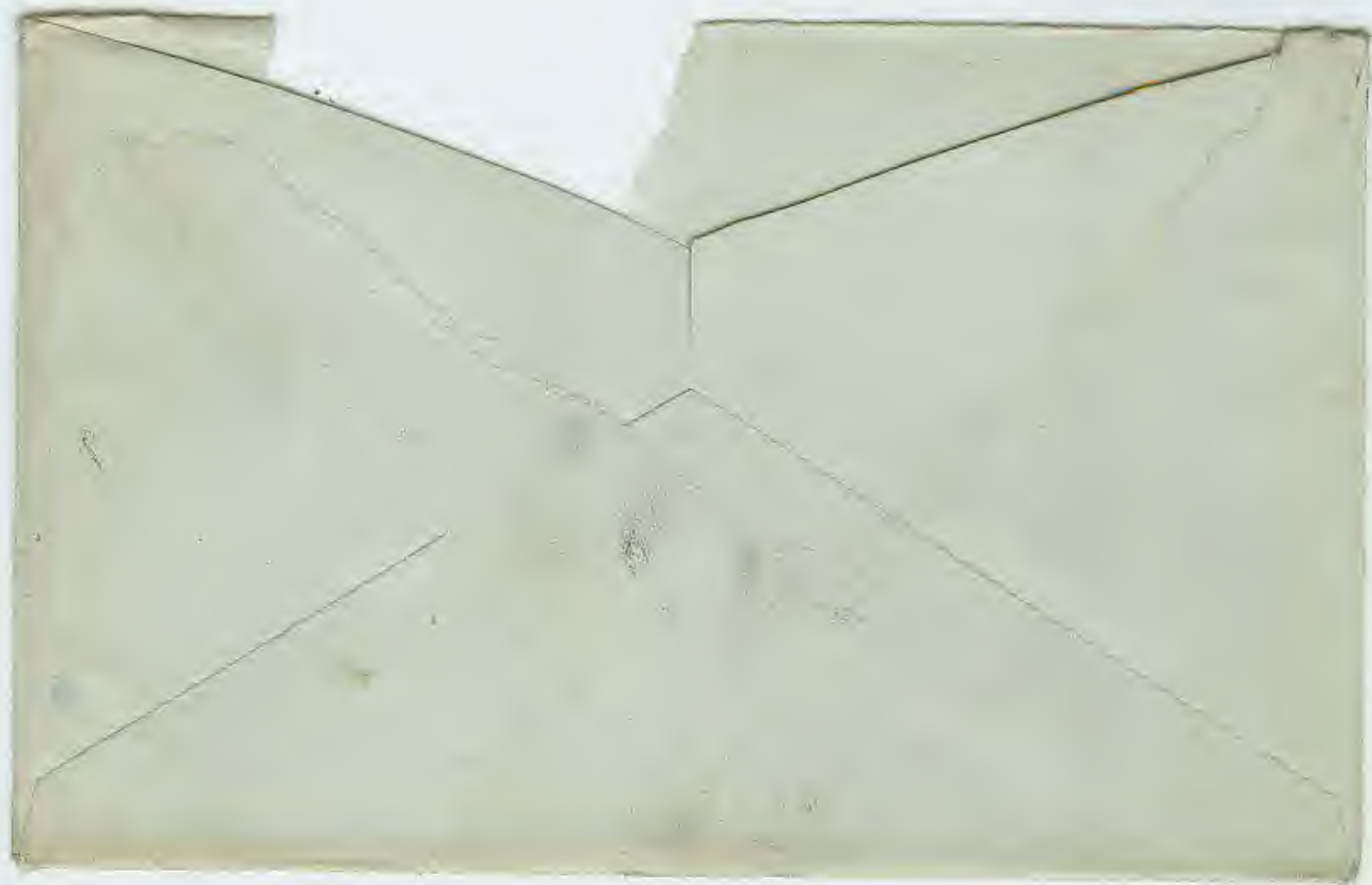


Mr. Hugh M. J. J. J.

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania







them that they are not as substantial as you are! I can almost wish you were here - I've been wishing that ever since you nearly got killed jumping off the train.

I'm all alone, but not a bit lonely because I'm not here - I'm with you, closer than I ever was.

My train was an hour late but I got to my lecture almost on time - it was on the muscles of the chest and stomach and I didn't want to hear about them - I only want to tug your nice big muscles!

Jan. 4.

Hugh, Hugh, Hugh, Hugh, Hugo!  
Oh, how can I write when all I can do is make noises? You are wonderful, I love you, I am dying, I've just begun to live, I am so unhappy, I never was happier in my life! In short, I've gone entirely off my head over you!

The flowers are wonderful - my room looks and smells like a bride's bower. I love the flowers but most of all I love the thought that made you send them - I hugged them and kissed



I ate supper there at the League and came home to find a pile of letters, with your two darling ones on the top and a lot of packages - more Ma's presents - one of which was from Ma - a pair of lovely pink silk bloomers and an adorable nightie all made by Ma. I shall keep them for my trousseau.

My trousseau, Hugo dear, - all the pretty things which I shall wear when we are married - in June! June seems so far away - and it can't be later than June, can it?

I have been studying the picture I have of you - it is nice, but the hair is parted on the wrong side and it isn't curly enough - no mussed up! But I don't want you to bother to get another. I don't need it - I think I can paint one of you from memory, anyway!

My room is in a turmoil, unpacked suit cases, unwrapped presents and my bed isn't made, but all I can see in it is roses and narcissus (spelling?) and lovely June flowers. Good night, Sunny, I love you, I love you, I love you, more each time I write it! Always your Nora.



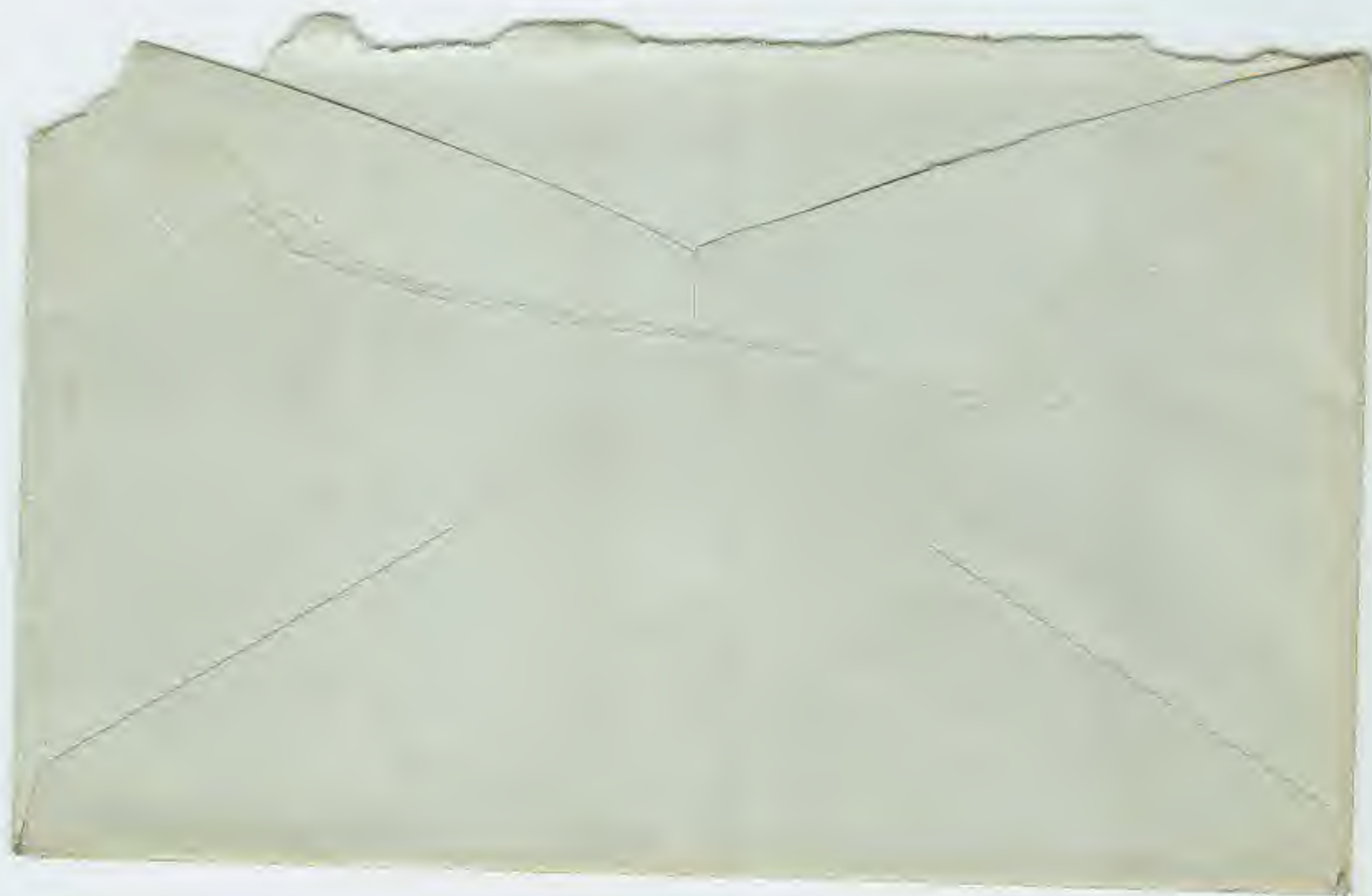


REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley  
Pennywain House  
Lyons  
Pennywain







I had lunch today with Jane Boyd -  
strange that she should seem  
something the matter with me!  
so I told her and she was so  
glad too - why is every one so  
glad, Hugo? And then Janet  
Beau - and he was darling,  
altho once he said we were  
just children and wondered if  
we knew our own minds!! Wasn't  
it awful to be thirty two and a  
bachelor? Poor Beau.

I went to his house to  
dinner, and the Judge knew  
and said all kinds of nice things

! Tell me you!  
! Good morning!  
Sunday -

Oh, Hugo dear I wish I could see you right now!  
E. 78<sup>th</sup> St. Jan. 5  
Sunny dear, my eyes are almost  
shut tho it's only eleven, but I simply  
must have a wee chat with you -  
only it isn't a chat - merely a monos-  
logue - oh, Hugo's I wish you were here!  
It's so hard to write when I can't  
even think how I feel - as you said,  
part happy & part miserable, but  
entirely peaceful & content with the  
future. The approach of reality does-  
n't scare me a bit - it only peeves  
me because it doesn't approach  
fast enough. And I love you  
more each minute.



Do you remember last Saturday night when I stayed with Marie - this is so different! Beau just brought me home and I showed him my Xmas presents, etc and the telegrams. Then he left telling me to go write to bed. Oh, dear I misspelled "right" - tho, I don't know - for I am going to bed after writing this - on the lid of a box on my knee on bed as it is too cold in the studio. It is bitter cold out but in nice and warm in here, with your flowers smelling so "jolly".

What will the family say about June is my present - worry - I hoped for a letter from them today, but I guess it went to Bellfonte. Did you get one? I wanted one from you, today, too - don't you love me any more, Hugo? But I know you do - you just have to; for I love you so very much.

You are in Bellfonte tonight - god, I wish I were! Give them all my love, including the old Shorttege - he is sweet, isn't he.

You mustn't worry about me here - I'm as comfortable as I can be without you - and tomorrow night, Catherine, my dear room mate is coming back.

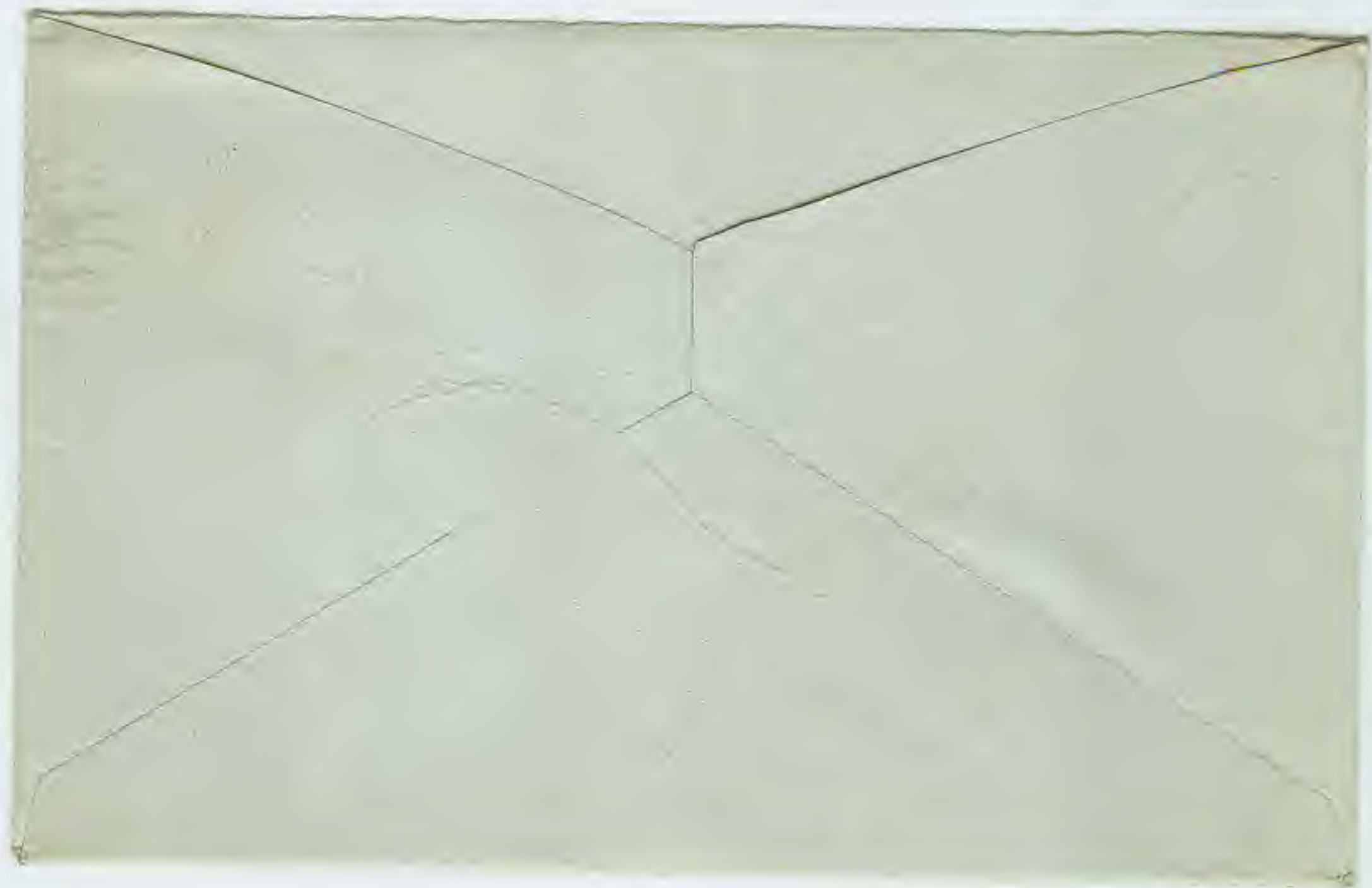
Good night, my dearest, so far away - now





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywainia House  
Tyone  
Pennywainia







day in June -

I had a bad night - in  
the first place - same as you -  
I can't sleep and when I finally  
got to sleep it was only to  
wake up and realize that I'd  
forgot to turn out the hall  
light - and my very cross  
land lady! So I had to get up  
in the coldest cold - then,  
having again, with patience  
transformed thoughts into

58 E 78<sup>th</sup> St.  
Jan. 7.

And my own dearest Hugo, do  
you really think I write lovely  
letters? Well, I know someone  
who writes ten thousand times  
ten thousand lovelier ones - and  
he is a little fellow named  
Hugh - in fact he writes such  
wonderful letters that I just  
live to receive them - oh, per-  
haps I live for a little more  
than that - perhaps, for a



write more, and, I'm afraid, can't even go out to mail this - but I love you - always.  
Ma.

dreams of you, I was rudely awakened  
by my bed breaking down! And it  
took me half an hour to mend it.

Then, this morning I got two letters,  
nice ones, from Dad & Ma but none  
from you! For a fraction of a second  
I doubted, but then I remembered - you  
do love me! And when I went  
out I found your special - and  
what a special! I read it walking  
down the street & when I finished  
my fingers were numb - but the  
rest of me was glowing!

My room mate returned - but this  
apartment is too cold after Florida, so  
she will visit a friend on Park Ave  
for a week. I would be lonely if I  
sat & thought about myself - but  
I can't think of me - except in con-  
nection with you and then - when  
is the loneliness? I've just had dinner  
with Cousin M. - she asked about you & I  
actually did not tell her the news! Bravo!  
But I am very tired tonight and must not





Mr. Hugh W. Lingley  
Pennywaria House  
Tyone  
Pennywaria







First however, before I fall in  
a dead faint on the floor let  
me say that I blushing (?)  
went into a jeweler's today &  
found out that the finger is  
size  $4\frac{3}{4}$  or 5.  $4\frac{3}{4}$  if the  
ring is heavy, he said. And I  
gave him the "little oval" to  
reinforce and feel so lonesome  
without it.

I got to class late this  
morning & when I went in Mr  
Tubs shouted across the room  
"Why, hello, Nora - glad to see

57 E. 78<sup>th</sup>  
Phone - Rhinelanders

3396  
But I think you  
do know it.

Jan. 8  
Funny, my love,  
I love you -  
that's all I can think of - I've  
a million things to say, but  
I'm dead tired, being on the  
bum at present, and all my  
neary mind can muster is  
I love you, I love you - but,  
Lordy, what more could I  
wish to say!



you back - we thought you were lost. Everyone was wondering what had become of little Nora Reynolds, but I told them you couldn't lose her - not a girl from Fenway Lane!" And all the time everyone was looking at me, the new ones with wonder, the old ones with a friendly knowing smile. And later he had to ask me all about the mountains - he is from Williamport, you know. He is an old dear, but I hope he doesn't find out I'm engaged for he has the most awful habit of getting out from one end of the classroom to the other! And my work pleased him today. I got a letter saying that Kitty Tutz is coming on Thursday to visit me - it means I must get out of my shell which I suppose is good! and I've just finished trying



it? But I think the nicest  
time was when we told the  
"next of kin" - that Sunday.

Of course, Hugo dear, we  
shall be married in June -  
depend on me for that, but  
I am not saying so much  
about it for a couple of  
weeks until they have got  
used to our being engaged.  
When they get used to the  
idea I don't think June  
will seem so sudden.

to get millions of people by  
phone to make theatre dates,  
etc. I called up an old Armstrong  
look boy, but Bubbie's brother  
who is with him here answered  
and said that the Lancaster  
papers had big headlines  
this morning! It seems that  
Ma & Dad have announced  
"it" - it was quite a sur-  
prise to me - I wonder if  
it was in the Bellefonte  
papers, too. It is getting  
more & more exciting, isn't



giving! Won't it be great to be married - just you & I, belonging entirely to each other! And it would be wonderful if we could have that house next to Scotty's - dear old Scotty, he wouldn't know which half he lived in!

And the thought of the ring is beginning to make me awfully excited and I'm getting curious as to what it will be like - no, I have no further desires about it other than those you know. I'm glad you're so decidedly made up your mind about it, for above all I want it to be your ring. Oh, sunny dear!

I am going to send you a sheet of music! Can you play a piano, or even pick out the notes? But it is a tune I love and I play it on my mandolin every spare minute I get - and, strange, think of you. I can't play &



all the time we have missed.  
Well, I am certainly doing my  
best to make up for it now.  
Such, how I love you, Kugler.  
And this morning Mr. Lubs  
said "Hooray, you look radiant  
some pretty nice days in those  
mountains, aren't they?" And  
I just caught instead of obeying  
that impulse and shouting  
at the top of my lungs that  
the very most wonderful  
man in the world is in

we don't fit the characters  
at all, but I love the song  
all the same. In the play  
the man was the dumb bell  
and the girl had an awful  
time making him realize he  
loved her. While, in our play,  
it was I, who was so blind.  
To save me I can't under-  
stand why I haven't loved  
you like this since the days  
when we borrowed (?) your  
clothes to dress up in. Think of



those mountains!

Your picture makes me mad -  
I look at it and smile and it doesn't  
smile back - so I have to close my  
eyes and look at you & smile and  
then - funny! how you do smile!

If I didn't have such a vivid ima-  
gination I don't know what I would  
do so far away - but I'm sure it  
will be exhausted by June and then,  
dearest, we just must be married.

Don't think because I never  
mention your coming over to N. Y.  
that I don't want you to (can you  
think that, really?) but I don't  
want to be to blame if you lose  
your job - so I leave it all to you.

I must run out for a bite of  
dinner as it is nearly seven - thirty,  
mail this, come back & try to make  
some kind of order out of a mess of  
letters & papers and then to bed. to wake  
up one day nearer June & you! Your funny.



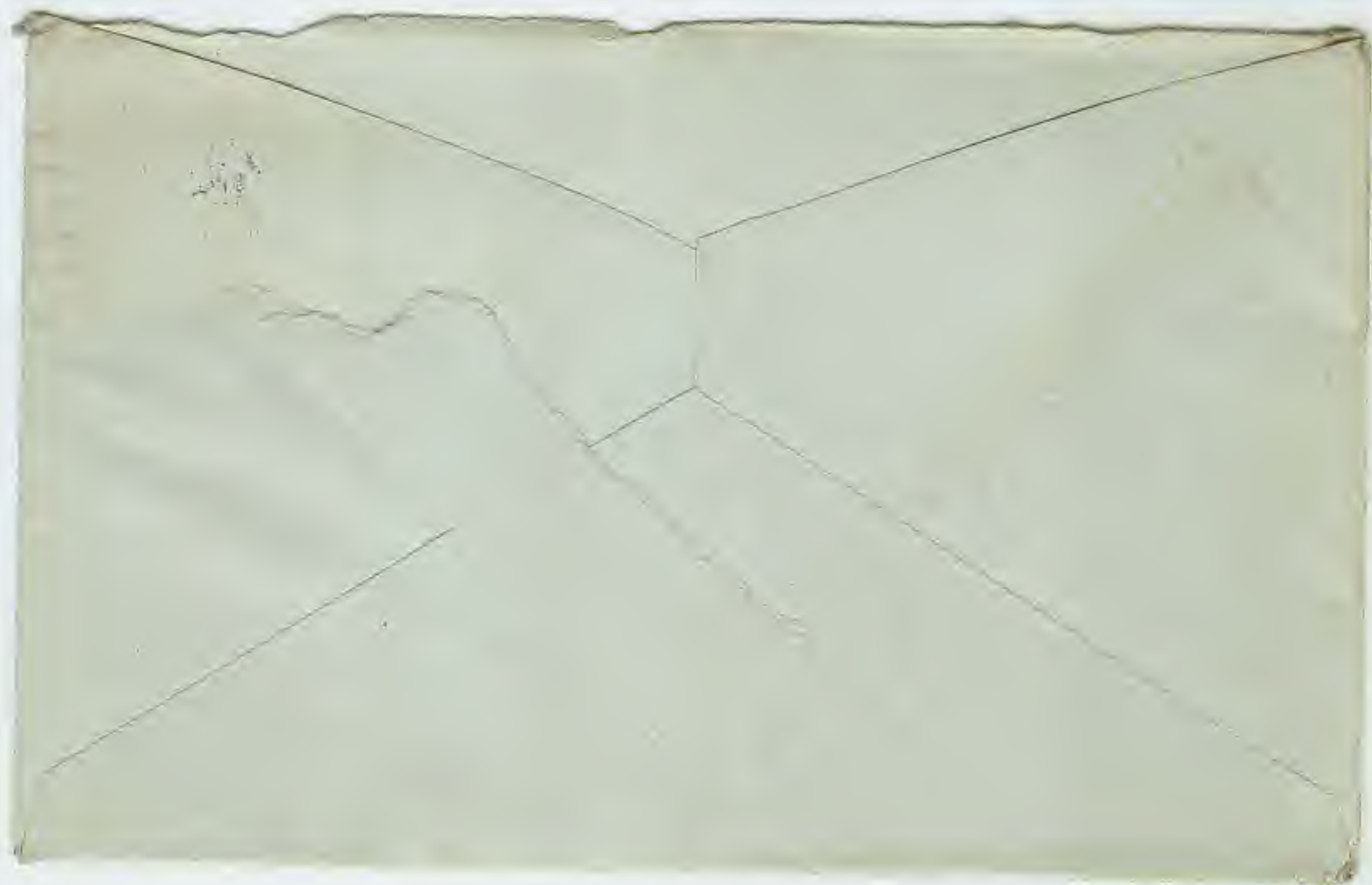


REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Pennywinnia House  
Tyone  
Pennywinnia







four, brothers & sisters, went on the same day last year - it's sort of an anniversary. And tomorrow, Kitty Lutz comes and the next night my very first "love" has invited us to dinner & theatre with him & a friend of his. He is a lovable sort of a fellow, not much taken to girls.

I've heard from him off & on for the past four years and he still seems to think his faithful to me so I hope he won't be too much taken aback when I tell him about you, Hugo dear. And Saturday night I'm giving a theatre party - a guy who used to be in the Cork

5-8 E 78<sup>th</sup> St

Jan. 9.

Hugo dear, it is such a comfort to get a letter from you every morning and also it has become a most enjoyable habit to write to you each day - I look forward to it sort of like looking forward to the turkey dinner on Christmas - sort of, I say, for that is the nearest I can get!

I seem to be in for a lot of plays the next few days - tonight I am going with Becca and Jane & Ritchie Boyd to see Walter Hampden in "Cyrano". We



works (the one who lives here with Bubbie's brother) and Beau, if I can not think of a better. I hate to spend the money for it. I want to save every cent to buy wedding clothes - but I suppose I must do something for my guest. He insists on going dutch on the food, etc. so that will be about all I can do.

after school this afternoon I took a bus ride - it was so nice & balmy and I don't get too much fresh air.

I got a letter from Ma today - they are coming North in April. She said she didn't see how she could get me ready by June - in a way that suggested that she might be coaxed. Don't that encourage? also a letter from Aunt Louise, telling me how piggyish you were with Martha's chocolate ice cream! Don't you know you must appear to have lost your appetite thru love for me!

I was reading over some of your letters written before I was - and every one said something about being broke! Now now are you going to get married, sunny, my love?

But, tell me, do the little houses like the Sheffers cost much? Let's get one of those - I think they are sweet. this was your  
must write to Ma now - just a line to tell you I love you & am, oh, so happy! - now.



*California*



REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Zwigley

~~Pennsylvania same~~

~~V. 10ue~~

Pennsylvania

*Mr. G.*







got a telegram tonight, too and  
at first I thought maybe you  
were coming & was so excited -  
but it said "we have announced  
your engagement, so it is no more  
a secret," Dad - But it felt  
rather flat as I had just fini-  
shed reading these enclosed  
clippings which Kitty brought  
me - weren't they beautiful? she  
says Lancaster is in an uproar  
because it was taken by sur-  
prise and they all were betting on

Beau want bring your letter over to show me! I'm  
furious!  
The judge  
told me  
last night,  
too, that  
he wants  
you to  
stay  
there  
when you  
come!  
Fine!

5-8 E 78<sup>th</sup> St  
Jan. 10

Hugo dear, Kitty has arrived  
and I thought I wasn't going to  
have a minute to write to you,  
but fortunately Beau took her out  
for some ice-cream and here am  
I - in Tyrone with you - I hope  
you get this before leaving for  
Rifle tho I won't be able to mail  
it till tomorrow morning.

I got two letters from you today,  
funny my tone! And how  
happy they made me! I



any without hearing that alone you more & more - goodnight, my darling, your Harry  
Bubbie - but they are very much pleased -  
for Bubbie wasn't, or rather isn't (I forget  
that he still exists!) popular in Lancaster.  
But just wait till they see my wonder-  
ful big Hugo in June - then their present  
pleasure will seem microscopic in com-  
parison with their delight in the reality.

Oh, Hugo dearest - I just don't see how  
I can wait until June - Oh oh I can't  
even think about it and remain seated!  
And I'm just dying to see you - but do  
wait for the ring because you simply  
can't make too many trips and you must  
put the ring on my finger. Buggie!  
won't it be wonderful to have a bright  
shining conventional symbol to show the  
world that I belong to you and you to me.  
Gosh - it's overpowering to realize that -  
and that you love me more than any  
thing else in this great wild world - (I  
meant "wide" but I guess "wild" will do!)  
as you said in one of your dear letters  
the knowledge that the other one loves  
us is almost the most wonderful part  
about it. But I must stop & go out to mail this  
for I can't bear to think of your going one



AMERICAN FINE ARTS BUILDING  
215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.



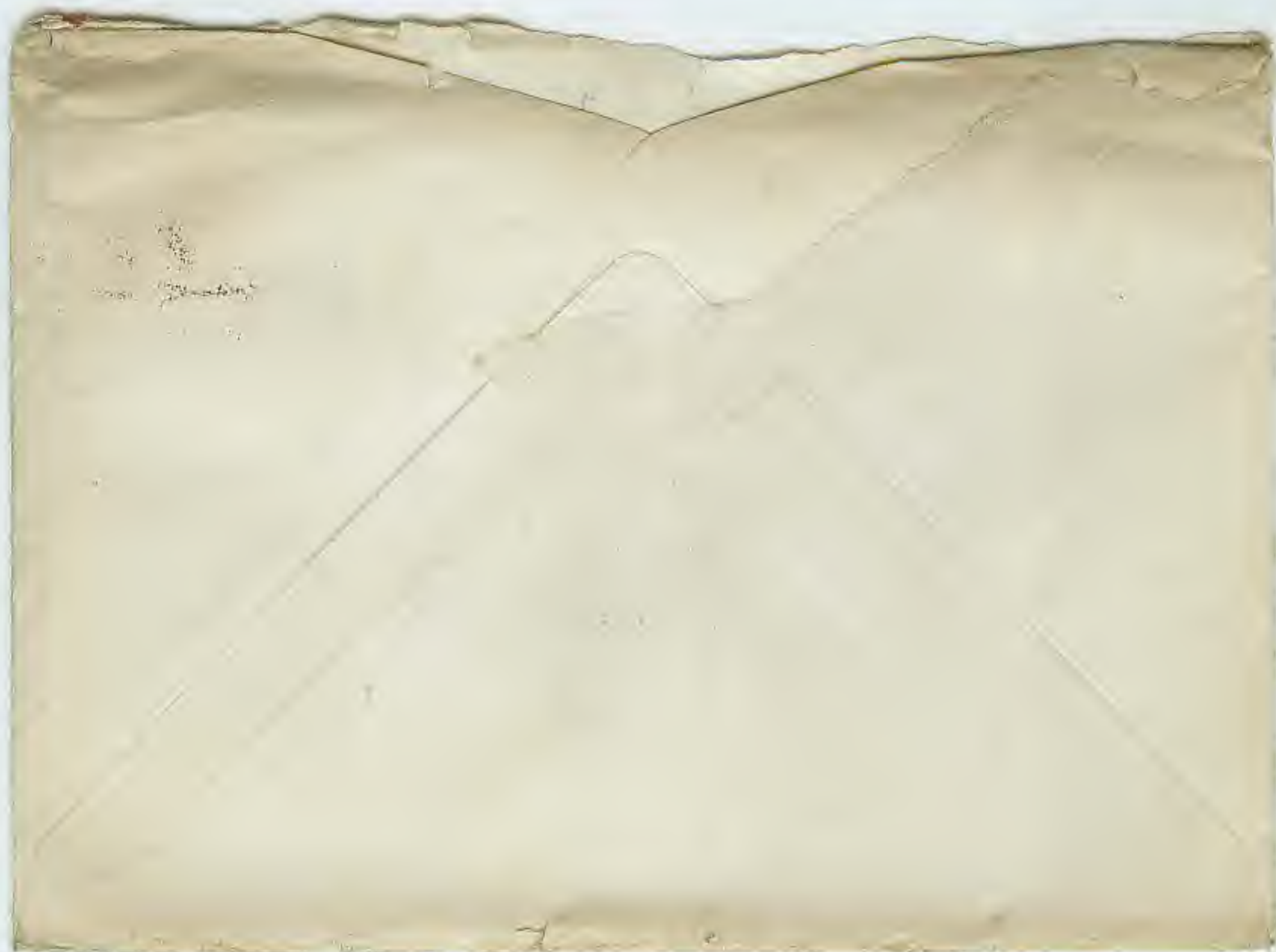
Mr. Hugh M. Dingley

Pell youte

Pennsy wania

Center County







THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

Jan. 11-

I can't put any endearing heading because I'm afraid someone might see it - I'm in the lunch room at school and about a million people are sketching me as I write - this pen you gave me leaks - I now have ink as well as paint all over my fingers. It's just after my afternoon class and I've a few minutes before my lecture - so how better could I occupy my time than writing to you, my dearest? I'll have to rush when I leave here - I'll go out with Johnnie & the rest of them. Isn't it awful for an engaged girl to be going to so many parties with other men? But you don't mind, do you, Sunny



for you know if you were here I  
wouldn't even know another man  
walked the face of the earth. gosh,  
I wish you were here! Oh, Hugo, will  
these six months ever pass? I realized  
today that I've been here a week - it  
seems like ~~since~~ six years.

I had lunch with Kitty & left  
her at a movie with instructions  
how to get home - poor dear, she  
must be having a lonely time - she  
even admitted that when I am with  
her it is not much better for ~~she~~  
I am always far away - thinking  
of you, Big Boy.

Mr. Lutes was in fine form  
today - once he said these smooth  
haired snaky men gave him a  
jit & he didn't see how girls could  
bear them either - if he were a girl  
he would pick a great big husky



THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

fellow like me own driving a team  
 of four horses with all his muscles  
 braced and shouting out with the  
 pure joy of living - and I pictured  
 you like that and wanted to shout  
 myself with the pure joy of living  
 & tell him that I had picked just  
 that kind of man. Could you  
 drive a big team, Hugo - but I  
 know you could. In fact I am  
 sure you could do any thing!  
 Don't it awful to be so sure of  
 one more human man. As a rule  
 I think men are human and  
 easily fooled - but you! - I  
 wonder if I could fool you?  
 I've just addressed the envelope



at the lecture - I just discovered  
that I'd skipped this page! how  
dreadful! Mr. Bridgman is drawing  
a beautiful man but he has been  
drawing them for the past hour  
+ a half + I'm getting a bit rest-  
less. Some day, Hugo, you must  
pose for me and I shall make  
a beautiful Greek god picture of

you - as Hercules + Adonis com-  
bined! (He's drawing the vesters  
effeminate now - remember it?) It's  
too hard to write + try to listen  
to the lecture, too (for I must take  
in an awful lot of art in the  
next four or five months) so I'll  
say good-bye again, for I really  
don't think I'll write again today!  
All my love to Sunny from his Sunny.



# THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

and now I'm going to scribble  
on until the ink or paper runs out.  
Last night when I went out to  
mail your letter I realized too late  
that I'd given Kate the key - so  
I had to stand on the corner &  
wait for her & it was hours  
she & Beau had taken a walk. I  
was mad for then I was beside the  
mail box with your letter in it  
and I might have been writing  
more. So all I could do was lean  
against the box and mentally  
put all kinds of nice messages  
into the letter - I hope you got  
them. A girl just interrupted me to



burn a cigarette - this is the most  
delightfully Bohemian place and  
I love it so - but, and I can't quite  
understand it - I love you more!  
Don't you yourself think it is  
funny, that, after all my vows of  
faithfulness to art & single life, I  
should so completely and so  
easily fall in love with you!  
But I'm so glad I did & that you  
are you - anyone else!! - but I  
guess that's why - because you are  
you - oh, dear me, it is so won-  
derful & whenever I try to think it  
out I just go round in circles  
always ending up with you, dear.

And don't you hope we will  
always be this way? so many  
people tease me and say this



TELEPHONE CIRCLE { 4510  
4511  
4512  
4513

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

215 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

present blissfulness doesn't last.  
I suppose not - it changes into  
some thing even greater - but still  
I wish we could retain some of  
the enthusiasm. Let's try, Hughes,  
let's always be lovers - even when  
you are bald and I fat! goodness,  
it will be hard then, won't it, for  
I won't be able to muss your hair  
and you won't be able to get your  
arm around me! Well, then,  
we just won't get bald & fat -  
that's easy - we will just always  
stay young & happy & love rich.  
And the way to do that is not  
to worry - so don't you start

ing, and now the arm is bent & I'm wondering if there is a little someone



P.S. I didn't get a letter from you this morning and it was so  
worrying about the wedding June  
and where we will live + what we  
will eat for all that is bound to  
come without worrying even tho  
we live in a tent and eat snails -  
we will enjoy it so much more  
because we will be young +  
happy + content + not worried.

One of the girls just came in with  
"my" little owl which I asked her  
to get at the jeweler for me. It  
looks beautiful + strong now and  
I am so delighted to have it back  
again. It is nice having your pin  
but I can't love it as much as  
the "lit' owl."

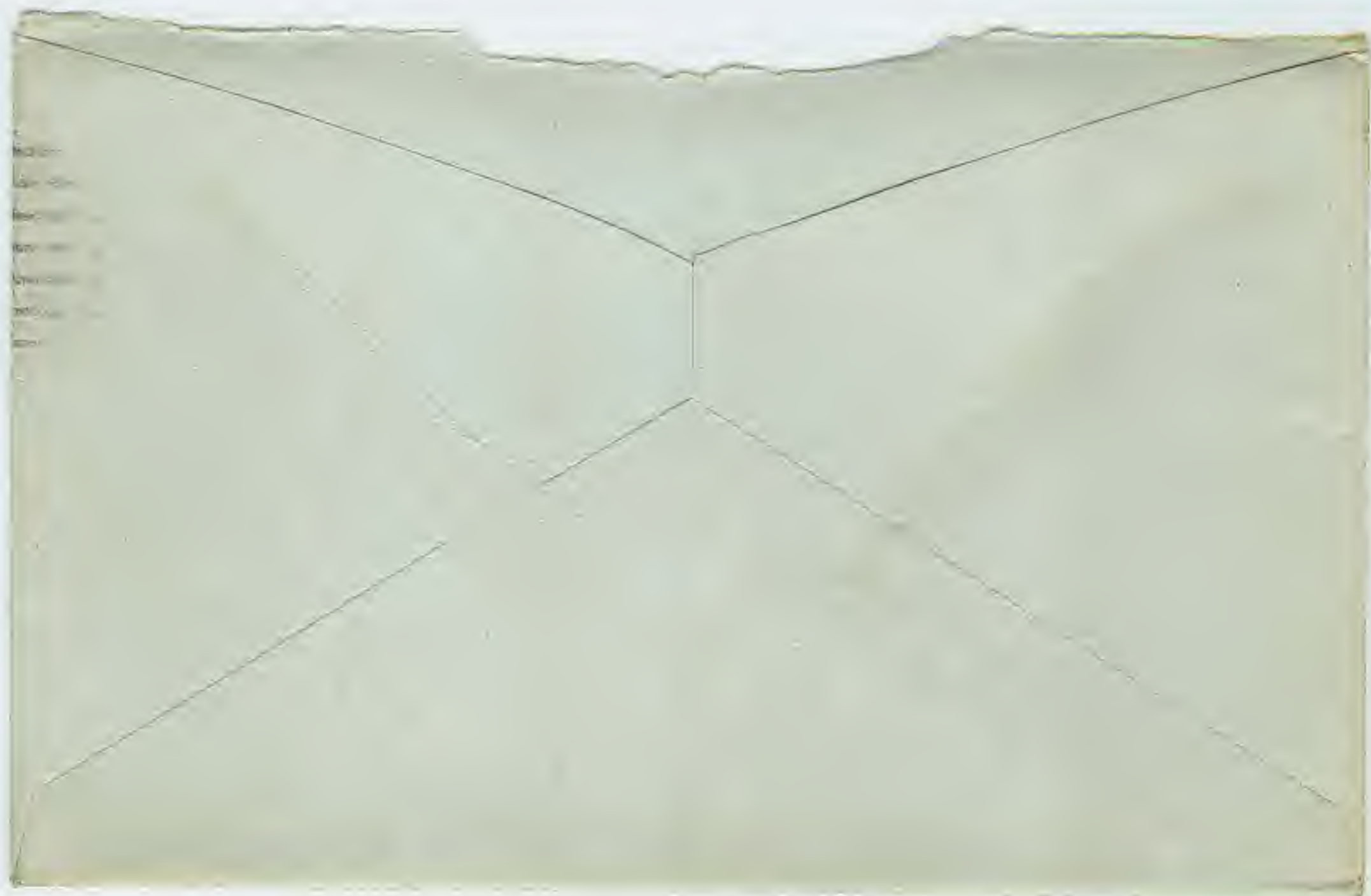
This is the last sheet. I had  
thought of writing on an extra envel-  
ope I have here, but, I guess I better be  
sociable to the girl beside me. It  
will not be hard for she knows  
about you. Bye-bye till tomorrow -  
your Nora.





Mr. Hugh M. Quincy  
Pennywarrick House  
Tyngsboro  
Pennywarrick







of you - Kate said we had  
a good time last night - we  
went to the Fraternity Club (I  
wonder if Zeta Psi [spelling?] is  
in it?) to dinner & then saw  
"Little Jessie James" which has "I  
love you" in it with a P. Whiteman  
orchestra - I loved the whole  
thing but the "I love you" remind-  
ed me so much of the dances  
in Beto and Phil's record of it.

No, I don't mean it reminded  
me of them at all - it was you  
in connection with them.

I'm rather in a haze - I'm so

58 E 78<sup>th</sup> St.

Jan. 12

Hughie, my big dearest - I've  
just come in from shaving  
Kate the little twin and she is  
at the hair dressers getting curled  
for tonight as I have a moment  
to scribble my love to you.

I'm getting as that song "the  
more I see of men the more  
I love" - Hugh! That sounds  
as if you weren't a man  
doesn't it, but I mean they all  
tell to you me - not not  
bore me, it is merely that I  
forget they are there & think



Yours letters before & after Turkey dinner, came this morning - they were sort of cool - hugs!  
tired and rest week I have to pose -  
with my clothes on, hugs dear! Here, I  
just said that to make you mad, but  
you don't care what I say to you, do  
you? Kate just came in with a box of  
candy, a little fellow like the big one  
you gave me - but that is quite right  
for she is a little fellow & you are big!  
Well as I was saying I'm tired &  
tonight, oh - I didn't finish last night  
did I - good lord, I'm even beginning to  
write the way I act! After the theatre  
Johanne & his friend who was nice  
took us to the Rendezvous to dance. Saw  
a friend of Dad's there & his wife - they  
go to Nassau tomorrow & I "told them" so  
now Nassau will know. Well - Johanne  
was awfully sweet and said you must  
be a very happy man - are you happy,  
Hugo - can I always make you happy?

Poor Kate is shelling the peas  
for supper so I'd better help her altho  
she is singing "She loves Hugh, she loves Hugh"  
that to interrupt that very true statement.  
Oh, yes tonight we theatre with a big boy  
(not quite so big as you) and Beau. I think  
I shall take on Beau, I'm too tired - & happy - to flirt. Love  
Mama.



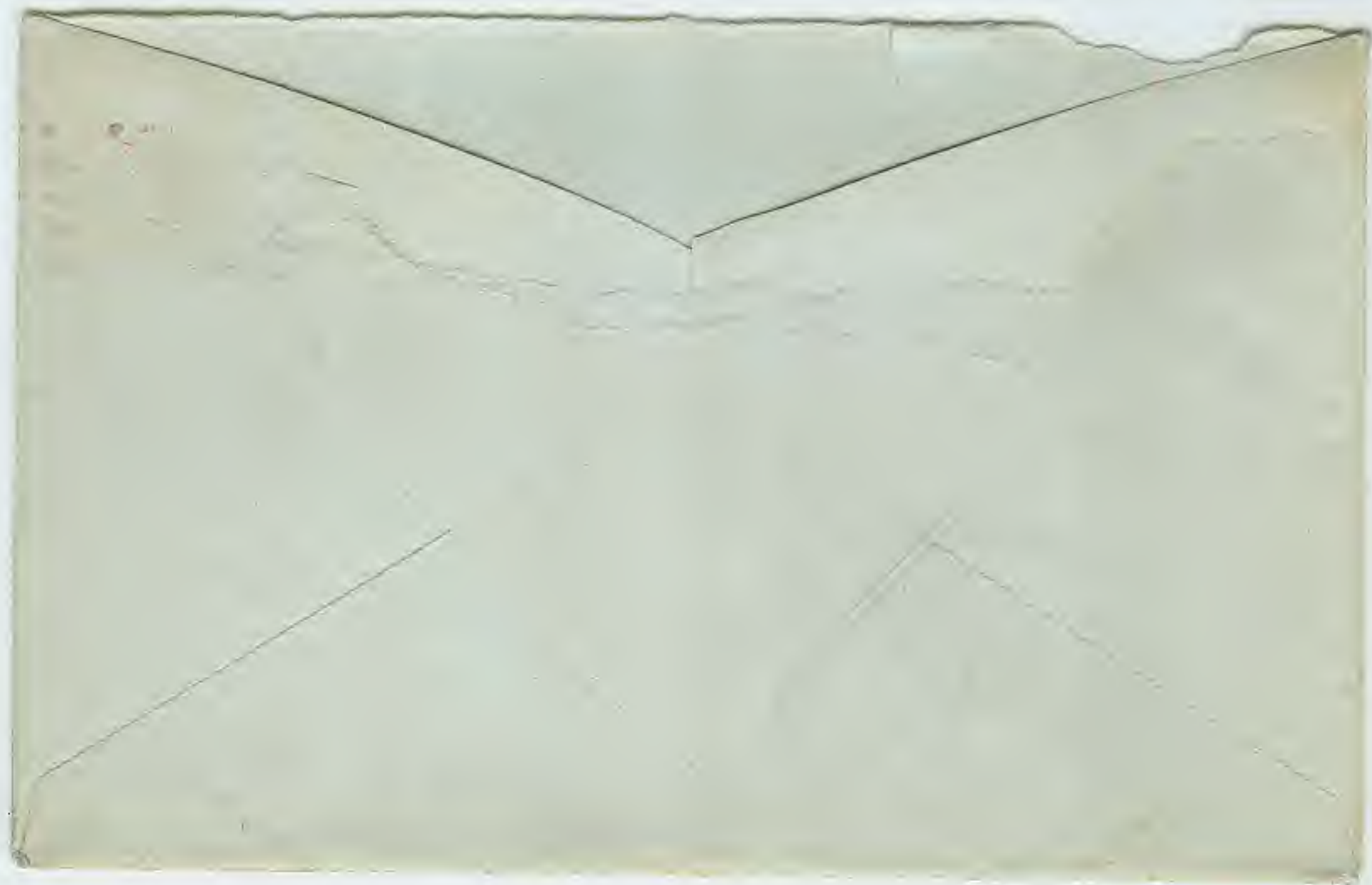


REGISTERED  
OR  
INSURED  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywanna House  
Tyrone  
Pennsylvania







the happiest human in the world.  
I love you, Katie, in fact, it is  
getting bigger than I am and  
almost terrifies me except that  
it is so beautiful and nothing  
beautiful can really terrify anyone.

So it was the business that  
put the faint, foreign tone in your  
letters lately - and the business is  
because of me - well, that is all  
right and I'm glad you are  
so interested and pray that you  
work the job out the way it  
pleases you most. But please,  
Sunny dear, don't let it worry  
you! That's wrong and can't

58 E 78<sup>th</sup> St.  
Jan. 13.

My own dearest Hugo, your  
special greeted me good morning  
this morning even tho it was  
my cross land lady who handed  
it to me scolding because lately  
I have got so many specials &  
telegrams, altho some of them were  
for Kate. She thinks she is in  
love, too, but I doubt it because  
she isn't happy as I am. I don't  
believe anyone, not even you, dear,  
is as happy as I am - tho I  
hope you are and want you to  
be - but still, I am undoubtedly



hard to think of it in connection with  
you. Kate is sitting here talking to me  
every now & then & is most distracting.  
We have actually stayed home to do  
those things which we should have done  
and now I'm repaying myself with the  
joy of writing to you.

The play we saw last night "Jane  
McKain" was a peach - clever lines  
and not so many love songs to infuriate  
me by reminding me of you - that  
sounds queer, but I mean, I hate to hear  
a mere actress sing to a big audience  
just the words I would like to be whisper-  
ing in your ear. I was going to send  
you a song, remember? - but I've  
changed my mind - I shall sing you  
my own songs, sweet heart.

Aunt Louise called me up from  
Philadelphia this morning, wasn't that  
sweet? It was so good to talk to  
someone who loves you, too - for Bea  
& Kate here think I have too much and  
oh, Eugenie, I couldn't possibly equal  
one tenth of you with my raving.



world to see & benefit by - if  
they did not have that feeling  
there would be no art for they  
would have no inspiration or  
desire to put that feeling into  
some form - pictures or words.  
So you must make a little  
allowance for me, I'm my  
love - only, really & truly I  
shall never breathe any thing  
you say to me, for me alone.  
You want those dear words  
to be for me alone, so I shall  
be selfish enough to keep them.

Hugo dear, I sort of can't talk  
of any thing besides you - and I  
am often afraid that you would  
not like it - thinking of that  
night outside your house in  
the ferd. But, please, I just  
can't help it - it is not that  
it doesn't mean so much to  
me, it is - well, I guess it  
is the only fraction of an  
artists soul that I really have -  
for artists are made so that  
they must pass on a beauti-  
ful feeling for the rest of the



Beau said he tore up your letter as  
he always tears up his letters. When he  
said it I felt cold - it seemed too awful  
that he should just calmly tear up  
something you had written.

I haven't heard from the family  
lately and I don't believe I shall write  
tonight having already taken too much  
time from my guest. She is a little  
dear, tho, and puts up with me beauti-  
fully. Tomorrow night we are going  
to dine & dance with two boys down  
in Greenwich Village. Bah!

When are you coming, Sunny, to  
see your little Sunny? Do you know  
it is surprising how very "Sunny" I  
am these days - even tho so far from you.  
But it is because I am so near to you,  
isn't it!? Because I love you more  
than any thing in this tremendous  
universe - Hugo, do you really love  
me more than any thing else? But,  
of course you do - my love for you  
makes you love me even tho you started

gosh, you started something all right!! good night, dear, from  
your dear





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywain House  
Tyrore  
Pennywain







Bredon is making up lovely  
stories about you & me. I  
was rudely awakened by  
Kate at 8:30 and then I  
did wash - & was on my job  
at 9:03!! It is awful  
but I'll buy something for  
us with the ten dollars.

I got an engagement present  
today from Lottie Appel! A  
lovely nightie - quite exciting.  
I have a feeling that you  
are coming next week-end

54  
Jan. 24

Hugo dearest, just got that  
wonderful long letter you wrote  
yesterday and am up in the  
clouds - I think I am dressed,  
and I'm waiting for two bays  
to come to take us to dinner,  
but they are late, thank god,  
so I can write to you.

I love you - oh, so much,  
I'm just unconscious! I  
posed today - have to all  
week and the only thing  
that saves me from extreme



and I have to pose Saturday morning  
& Sunday the whole class is going  
to the country & Mr. Pops is going  
to cook for us! But I don't have  
to go to that - and Aunt Louise  
will be here - but what I mean  
is I'm just hoping you are coming  
'cause I'm really fading out for want  
of a glimpse of you - but I wish  
all these things would come  
at once. Hurry up & tell me when  
you are coming & are you  
going to take the <sup>night</sup> ~~early~~ train &  
get here early Saturday morning?  
I'll be at the train to meet you -

O, damn they have come  
so good night, Hugo darling  
with more love than the  
world can hold!!

Yosh. Love you -

Love.

I'll send you ma a picture soon as I can.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugo M. Dingley

Pennsylvania House

Tyone

Pennsylvania







130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

Jan. 13-

Sweetness yourself, I got your <sup>letter!</sup> ~~special~~  
in a Chinese restaurant today! Kate met  
me there for lunch & had brought it with  
me and it was just a lovely letter - I  
may have eaten rat-tails for all I knew  
at lunch while reading it. And now I'm  
in Jane Bay's room waiting for her - I  
carry your little pen (it's kept leaking)  
around every where, you see, in hopes for  
a minute to write to you. Oh, for  
at least two peaceful hours alone in  
which I could really write to you!



The past week has been so full of  
worry & bustle. But Kate left this  
afternoon - I was sorry & yet glad for  
it was so tiresome. Catherine, my  
"nanny" was to return to night but  
she has a cold & is still afraid of the  
big apartment so I have got Jane Boyd  
to stay with me for a while.

Cousin (not Cousen, Hugs!!) Annie  
had me there to dinner tonight, having  
had a letter from Ma about us and  
she was so excited and wanted to  
hear all about you - even asked me  
to bring your picture - which I did, & it  
is now before me. She said to tell you



130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

she loves you for loving me! And  
she wants to see you when you  
come. Oh, Butie dear, when you come  
but I mustn't say anything about  
that - only, it is hard not to for I'm  
so anxious to see you again. Do you  
know I think my love for you is in-  
creasing every minute now - it is awful!  
I have the same trouble as you with  
the inadequacy (or pelling? but you under-  
stand it?) of the English language and  
have fully decided in favor of equals  
& noises - only they don't go well in letters.



Today my tortures of posing were  
lightened by Mr. Tules saying all  
kinds of nice things about me from  
an artistic standpoint. Hugo, I would  
give any thing to be perfectly beautiful  
just because I belong to you - I am  
far too inferior even in beauty for you  
but I would have liked you to hear  
all Mr. Tules said.

Tonight I sent off my last  
photograph to your Mother. I shall  
write to her in a day or so as if I  
ever get the rest of my thank-you  
lines notes, etc written and I have to  
write to scores of people to "tell"



130 EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

them - I just love to do it - Haven't  
written to Annie & Mary yet either -  
and Ma! - not for a week, I think!  
But you, running my love, have got  
a letter from me every day, haven't you?  
And once, I believe, you said I was  
a very bad correspondent!! But I love  
to write to you now.

Mum ph - Jane has just come  
in, so we will have to go on  
to my house and I shall have to drop



this in a box on the way - I'm sort  
of tired tonight any how but I pray  
that tomorrow I can write a nice  
letter to you, sweet heart.

I just love to call you names  
like that in letters but when I'm  
talking to you I get scared - if you  
would like me to say much I'll  
try them when I see you.

Well, I must stop, so good-  
night, beloved from your Nora.

I'm thrilled to death at the thought of  
having an up-to-date picture of you - I'd  
become quite attached to this one. And  
I told you you mustn't - but, I'm glad!





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywanna House  
Tyone  
Pennywanna







I should get stiff from sitting  
still instead of, naturally,  
from kicking a foot ball like you.

Oh, Hugo, I'm tired - and I  
love you - I seem to love you  
in every condition. That is one  
of the many differences I find  
in now and the times when  
I thought I was "in love" - I  
used to hate the object of  
my affections when I was tired,  
or maybe when I got up from  
bed or some time - but now!

with Jane Boyd again.  
Jan. 16.

Funny my tone, this is the  
seven<sup>th</sup> letter I've written today -  
seven<sup>th</sup> heaven, at last! But  
damn it all, now I'm tired and  
my trapezius muscle aches - I  
didn't know that one was used  
in writing - it is the one in the  
back of our necks. Pretty nearly  
all my muscles are idle, too,  
and I think it must be from  
posing! Isn't that funny that



Oh, Hugo darling - I'm just overwhelmed.

I left school early & went home & wrote  
letters, then I went out in a terrific storm  
& came here to dine with Jane. It was  
raining & blowing a gale & Catherine's  
umbrella which I had taken along inside  
out! I never had that happen before. I  
got soaked & my fur coat looked sick.  
Now Jane has gone to a concert and  
I'm staying here all night as I don't  
want to be alone for fear I won't  
wake up in time to be on my job. I  
can't seem to get enough sleep these  
days - I'm just worn out I suppose  
from Kate's strenuous visit - but, and  
it has never been so before - I am  
so cheerful and so happy, sweetheart,  
all because of you - my Sunny.

This morning I read your letter  
while hanging on to a strap in a  
street car - you do write such  
nice ones and they have been coming



Hugh when we go North to  
find out his prospects and  
if he can support a wife so  
we can not make any plans  
until then" - or words to that  
effect. So I wrote today &  
gave ~~my~~ <sup>an</sup> opinion of  
that! Good gosh, I'm full  
of plans already! And I  
told them that you can  
support me comfortably -  
can't you, Hughie? Maybe  
when you get there having

so regularly - I'm sorry mine  
to you aren't so obedient - I  
guess it's because I mail  
them at so many different  
times & places. When I finish  
this I'll stop into the hall  
and watch it go down a  
glass chute - fun! - if I  
lived here I guess I'd write  
one to you every half hour!  
A letter from Ma today  
said "Daddy has to talk to



discussions with your Dad & Mr.  
Phillips, etc. you might write to  
Dad - no, I guess not - oh, I don't  
know - do what you think best.  
It is a nuisance this money business,  
I feel as if I were being bought  
out of. I wish I could support my  
self but I am such a fool about  
how to try to commercialize my art.

I wrote to Phil tonight. You & he  
are in Phillipsburg. I guess - hope it  
isn't such a bad night as it is here.  
You funny, of course, you must go  
about & dance - I don't want you to  
get stale, you know, only I can tell  
you, too, that it won't be awfully  
much fun.

I told Phil I wanted him to give  
us that coyote - at Milesburg for a  
wedding present! Don't you think it  
would be fun to have him as a pet -  
he was so sweet. Well, good-night, dear,  
I suppose I must sleep -  
your Nora

There will be no joy in waking up for your letter will be at 78<sup>th</sup> St & Lin at 5-7<sup>th</sup>!





REGISTERED  
OR  
INSURED  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Penney Wain House  
Tyrore  
Penney Wain







now I'm amazed at how  
my niece it is. I made me a  
delicious supper - chicken & cran-  
berries - only the chicken wasn't  
a chicken yet, only an egg and I  
squashed it into a big yummie  
potato. Now every thing is clean-  
ed up - except me - I'm a sight,  
hair coming down - you know how  
and no belt on, for when I got  
off the bus this afternoon some  
one was sitting on one end of it  
and I was in a hurry.  
guess what I was in a hurry

58 E. 78' st.

Jan. 17

Turning my lone, I'm so happy  
tonight - I'm just sort of flowing  
over and if you were here I  
guess I'd start to flow over and  
never stop until there was nothing  
of little me left!

I'm all alone - not one single  
soul to interrupt my thoughts  
of you. I had sort of dreaded  
staying up here alone lately for  
I'd have no one to listen to  
my raving about you - and



about! To get your letter! I had to wait  
all day until 5:30 to get it - but it was  
worth it. Hugo, I don't believe your letters  
were cool that time at all - it was just  
that I was so tired that I couldn't respond  
to them as I generally do. So it was my fault.  
You've no idea how tired I've been - have  
not had chance to rest since I got back -  
but tonight I'm going to bed at ten!

Today I got letters from Mary & from Mrs.  
Sheffer - both of them darling. When the  
news comes out in the paper send me a  
clipping, will you, Big Boy?

Last night sleeping with Jane  
wasn't much of a success and I got  
up sleepier than I lay down. It was a  
very narrow bed and a very hot room.

Mr. Bridgman, my drawing teacher,  
complimented me on my work today - he  
doesn't say much generally. We were  
doing fingers & hands today - some job!

But, when we build a house  
may I have a studio with a north



all that silver of mine at  
Aunt Larrise's will be more  
than we can use unless we  
rent a house on 5<sup>th</sup> Ave!  
I wish we could tell every one  
just what to give us - I'm  
getting awfully mercenary.  
Kato & I were planning the  
wedding one afternoon for fun - it  
grew bigger & bigger & when I  
said you didn't want a big one,  
she reminded me that it  
meant more presents! so we

shy light on the top floor?

Jimmy Patrick! want it  
be fun when we have a house?  
Only I will most likely get  
mad because I have to keep it  
clean and you'll get mad be-  
cause you have to pay the  
rent. Now, Hugo dear, can  
you honestly imagine either  
of us getting mad? I don't!

Be sure & raise it abroad  
that we want rings & furniture  
etc for wedding presents as



shall have to have a big one, dear!

They say I'm getting thinner, isn't that nice? I'll stick it only by my big ring which slides off now. Goodness, wouldn't it be awful if I got lost then for my engagement ring! Maybe I will if it doesn't soon come - Hugo, when are you & it coming. I'm getting awfully nervous about it - what if I don't like it?!

I think I shall have to start reading the papers so that I can put some intelligence into my letters - Did you ever know anyone who could write more about nothing than I? But you must remember I say more than all the newspapers in the world when I say "I love you." Gosh! I wonder how I have nerve enough to love you! Oh, Hugo dearest dearest sweetest, I'm so happy because of you! Goodnight! Your Nora.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Ingley  
Belfonte  
Pennsylvania







man, of course, could work hours longer  
on it, but not poor little me.

I'll be glad when you are here to  
talk business for I never know how to  
take what you write about supporting  
me. First you say you haven't nearly  
enough for me and then you say you  
can manage it - you see how per-  
plexing that must be to me! It takes  
a hundred + fifty a month for me  
to live here but you can't judge  
Belleville by that. But tell me  
honestly, can't we get married in  
June? I'm quite sure I can manage  
that on that line if you can  
manage Dad.

Again I read your dear letter on

Jan. 18-

Dear Hugh-

No one would suspect  
I'm engaged to you from that, would  
they? You see I'm at school again  
only this time I brought my own  
paper. I don't expect to get home until  
late so I have to stay here to a lecture  
until six-thirty then I'm going to meet  
an old friend for dinner & the evening.  
She is a girl I know very well in Ber-  
muda and haven't seen her since, so  
I'm rather excited about tonight.

It's only three o'clock and I ought  
to be working now but I seem to do  
everything so fast and my drawing  
is finished - I just don't know where  
to put another stroke - Mr. Bridg-



the car hanging to a strap - I'm getting quite  
clever at opening it, etc, with one hand - almost  
as good as you are at driving a ferd thereby.  
But I can't manage my expression and every  
one sort of smiled at me - I guess they knew

Last night just as I returned from  
mailing your letter, Beau called up and  
came over - I might have saved my steps.  
He is so amused always when I talk about  
you. He pretends to think I'm terrible but  
really I think he envies me. Being in love  
is great isn't it, Lunny dear?

And you are quite wrong about cousins  
& cousen - it is all the same in English  
regardless of sex. You are thinking of Spanish  
or Italian or one of the languages of those  
hot countries where they emphasize sex  
more than we do. Please, spell some thing  
else wrong - I love to be able to correct you!

I'm glad Phil is coming over to Syron  
after. It is good for you both, but especially  
for him - I mean, it ought to influence him  
for the best to be with a nice honest  
fellow like you - he needs a lot of in-  
fluencing, you know, but it has to be in-  
conscious. He is a dear - I love him, too.



is the right thing to do - the straight  
and narrow path, so to speak.

Whereas the broad winding one  
is so much more interesting  
and people who are a little bad  
are far more attractive generally.  
I don't want to - and won't - be dull.

In connection with that there is  
just one little tiny thought that  
I don't like when I think of getting  
married to you - I'll tell you about  
it when I see you but don't let  
it worry you - it's so insignifi-  
cant. And then, all that seems  
so ridiculous when I think of

Have you noticed that my  
writing is changing - I must look  
in my characters - from - writing books  
to see if it is for the best. It may  
be this new pen and again, it  
may be because I'm changing. For  
I find that I am changing and it  
rather worries me! I'm afraid I'll  
wake up some morning and  
find my self saintly good! And I  
don't want to be good. After all  
you fell in love with me when  
I was bad so you might not  
love me so much if I turned  
good. By being good I mean  
always doing the thing I think



you for I can't think of any thing that isn't good and perfect in you and that's why I love you so very much - now isn't that silly and just like a woman!

Hugo dearest you needn't be afraid that your letters don't convey to me how much you love me! They are the most wonderful letters and every thing in them just shouts out to me that you really do love me and every day when I read them a new wave of wonder & delight sweeps over me. It is just too perfect - your tone & my tone & the combination! And the only thing I crave is to be married to you and be "your own" entirely! Gosh, Hugo! - I - well - !

If I write more on that subject I'll go right out thru the roof and the League can't afford to be mending holes made by little students in love so bye-bye till tomorrow. Give my love to every one in Bellefonte. I have not heard a word from Aunt Louise.

Ah, my chum from the afternoon class just came in & asked me to go out to tea so I guess I will - I must do some thing! Love, Nora.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
American Lime & Stone Company  
~~Union Furnace~~  
Perryman







sincerely! It was delicious - I  
hope you like that meal for it  
is so easy to prepare - I'll cook  
it for you sometime. And in  
order not to be lonely tonight  
I put your photograph opposite  
me and then I let my imagi-  
nation get to work and actually  
almost asked you to pass me  
the salt, for the big black studio  
had faded out and you + I were  
actually seated at a little table  
in a little room all our own.  
Gosh, it was fun - but think,

Jan. 19 -  
My big dear Hugo,  
You are in  
Bellfonte tonight I suppose - I  
like to think of you there, where  
I have known you + where I'm  
going to live with you. I can't  
picture you very well in Tyrone  
except at the station opposite  
the soda mints! And I hope  
you are not there like that with  
out me!

I have just finished another  
"chicken" supper cooked by yours



Hugo mio, I oh, isn't that good - I just thought  
of it - is it Spanish?) if I get so much  
fun out of imagining what will the  
reality be ???

Got your letter today - they are beau-  
tifully punctual and I'm so sorry mine  
are not. I'm going to try something new  
and send this to the office. Tell me how  
it works out.

Aunt Louise won't be here until Mon-  
day - I'm getting awfully anxious to see  
her because she knows you. When  
will your photographs be finished? I  
want one awfully, mostly to show my  
friends for I don't need a picture to re-  
member how you look. And this one  
I have doesn't do you justice. You  
might send one to Ma & Dad - they  
would love to have one, I'm sure.

Last night I had a great time  
having dinner with Nan - she hasn't  
changed much and was very excited  
about you & me. She wants to meet you



I just sat there & cried! Now  
wasn't that funny?

I feel much better now-a-  
days, Hugo, as I've been going  
to bed earlier - it wasn't my  
work that was tiring me, it was  
my play.

Gosh, I was thankful at  
twelve-thirty today - my posing  
over and I got my ten dollars  
& fifty cents - what will I  
do with it?

I met Catherine, my rooming

in fact all my friends do and  
if they all got their wish you  
& I wouldn't have a minute  
together when you come - so  
we'll have to keep your visit a  
secret!

Nan came out here with me  
to see my "apartment" but left be-  
fore I was sleepy - so I curled  
up before the fire with all the  
letters you've written since I was  
and had the most gorgeous  
time! And when I had finished



for lunch only I ate mine first as  
I was very hungry! Then we slept &  
took a bus ride & I treated her to tea - I  
can't think why I did, for I want to economize.  
But it was very nice and she was clear  
about you - she made a pun once - "You  
must get married quigley" - when I  
was talking about June - and then we  
laughed & laughed -

We walked home and saw lots of  
excitement at the Astors' house - the  
chimney was on fire! And about a  
million inquiries for it!

I sort of feel like writing another  
sheet but I guess I won't - I owe so  
many other people. But as soon as I stop  
writing to you I think of a dozen things  
I wanted to say and the next day I've  
forgot them all because I have a dozen  
new ones! It surely is a hard life being  
separated from the one you love best,  
and, oh, for June! Do you know my love  
is like guinea pigs - it multiplies so! I love  
you more today than yesterday, ad infinitum! More.





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Pennywanna House  
Tyone  
Pennywanna







fare as I got off and the driver  
yelled at me and I had to route,  
no, wait, I guess, around in my  
bag while the bus waited and  
every one laughed. Poor me!

Then I had an enormous roast  
chicken + cranberry dinner at the  
wards and Beau + I took a walk.  
I said to him I was glad I was getting  
married because I could have a  
dog again (maybe?) and now he  
teases me saying that - is the reason  
I'm getting married! Ah, funny dear,  
if he only could glimpse an ounce  
of the real reason, wouldn't he be

Jan. 20.

Hugs and is, no letter from you  
today and it is now seven and I  
feel so sad - But it's reassuring to  
know you love me in spite of the  
mails.

I went to church but Cousin  
Minnie didn't appear - However I  
enjoy the service at her church more  
than any other - it is like Mr.  
Maynard would like to have the  
service at St. John's.

I came home in a bus and,  
due to my absent-minded condition  
since Christmas, forgot to pay my



as tounded! For even an ounce of all the  
love I have for you is amazing in its  
intensity! I love, love, love, love you, Hugo.

Then he came up here and I made  
tea for him and we got to talking about  
muscles and he is very proud of his and  
let me feel some of them!

Now he is gone and I'm going down to  
see Jane for a while, she is tired & lonely.

But I am not tired and lonely, I am  
for my heart is so full of love - I hope  
I never get used to this marvelous feeling  
of being in love. But, of course this separ-  
ation does "erg" me. When will that  
damn, but wonderful, ring be finished?

Judge Ward said his engagement ring was  
sent to him at court from the store when  
he was trying a case! I hope you don't  
get awry in your laboratory, for you might  
drop it in some chemicals and it would  
all dissolve! Do you know I still have a  
penny you once partly dissolved for me  
in Bellefonte - and yet I didn't know I  
loved you - what a silly little goose I  
was! But I've grown such a lot of sense  
now and such a lot of happiness!  
good-night, dear, I love "Hugh" - Now

you say "I love you" but I say "I love Hugh"!



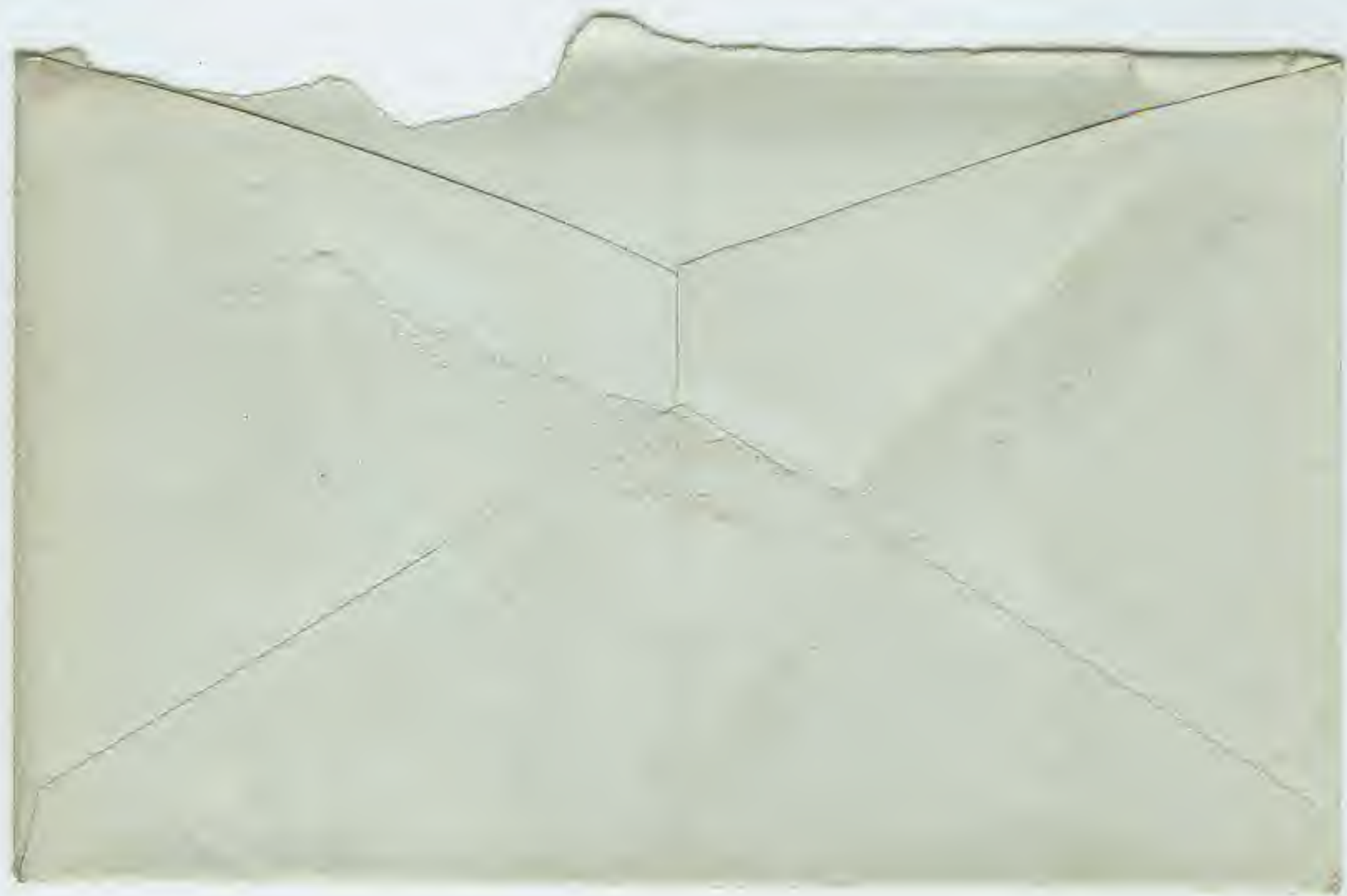


PAID  
OR  
REGISTERED  
MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Drigley  
Perryman's House  
Ynone  
Perryman







it believe the letter wasn't here -  
looked every where and then  
looked at your picture and  
almost cried - then realized how  
silly I was - but!

And now I must rush back  
to 57<sup>th</sup> street to have dinner  
& the movies with Jane - don't  
company and any way it is  
pretty cold up here. It is aw-  
fully cold outside - wonderful -  
and lots of the store windows  
are covered with the most  
beautiful frost. I simply  
had to stop in my rush up

Jan. 21.

Hugo darling, I'm just ready to  
weep - no letter from you for two  
days! It can't be that you are  
sick or some thing - I would have  
heard that - and it can't be work  
that's keeping you from writing be-  
cause it's a week-end - the last  
letter was written on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Oh,  
I guess it's just the mails, but  
I certainly am disappointed - I  
almost ran home after my lecture  
just now and it is biting cold.  
I rushed to my room and could



here to gaze enraptured at a frosted  
flower window - it was marvelous.

It was great to get back to  
my painting today after that week  
of posing - and we had a lovely  
red-headed model.

Before the lecture I walked to Jane's  
office in the cold for some exercise  
with one of my afternoon classmates  
and I told her I was going to be  
married. I told her your name  
and she said "I know a Dwigley -  
I da!" She went to Rosemary School  
with her. Wasn't that funny? She  
raved about Dick and I told her  
you looked just like him! It's a  
small world - but oh! so big  
between Syracuse & New York!

I hope you can read this - I'm  
my big coat on & writing on my knee!

I hope you have my letters - I  
can't remember if I put a stamp  
on yesterday's! Oh, Hugo dear - I love  
you more & more - but, oh, for a letter! More





REGISTERED  
OR  
INSURED  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Singley  
Pennsylvania House  
Tyrone  
Pennsylvania







If you fall up stairs you won't be married for 7 years!!  
of my class-mates who is very  
much interested in us. And, as I  
was late I ran up the stone steps  
in the school two at a time and  
stept on my dress and crash!  
down I went & smashed the  
glass in the frame! \* I nearly wept,  
but one of the girls said if a  
little thing liked that bothered  
me I'd better not get married!  
(she's married!!) The picture was  
just a teeny bit scratched - tho no  
one sees it 'cept me - and the  
frame quite a little dented - I  
\* certainly did crash! But now it

Jan. 22.  
Hugo dear! I just love the  
photograph! Really, you can't  
imagine how glad I am to have  
it. It already has a history! It  
came early this morning - that is,  
as early as I could force myself  
to get out of my nice warm bed  
into this freezing room. (It isn't  
cold now tho) Well, there was no  
letter from you but the picture  
made me forget that sorrow.  
and, of course I had to frame  
it right away and take it  
with me to show Charlotte, one



has a new glass and looks beautiful.  
Cousin Mammie said she didn't think it  
flattered you - I guess I don't either, but  
I love it, Hugo. It sort of smiles. I'd  
like to have one of the big ones, too, please,  
bring it when you come.

And thanks for the clippings - I'll  
have quite a collection soon! You see  
I got your letters - two, tonight - the "nesty"  
one and the one written with Phil. I  
liked them both - I didn't think the first  
one cross at all - perhaps because I was  
so glad to hear from you at last - but  
I knew just how you felt. Poor Victor  
extremes - is he well again? I hope so.  
But you mustn't feel you have to write  
to me, when you don't want to, Katie.  
x x x I've just been gazing at your picture -  
Cousin Walter said "There's a lot of man  
there!" - I think there's all the man in  
the world right there - I hate other men,  
Hugo, they are so vile, but I love you.  
Indeed, it just makes me - oh, good,  
what's the use, I simply can't express



I don't feel like stopping and  
it's after twelve and c-o-l-d!

I wanted to write earlier - I  
went to Cousin Mammie's to dinner  
& came home early but Beau  
came over & stayed ages. I  
wanted to write to your mother  
too - I never seem to be able  
to do "those things which I ought  
to have done."

I did go to the dentist today  
and have my teeth cleaned -  
they are beautifully white now,  
and the dentist, nice & young,  
said cigarettes do not hurt them!

how much I love you.

These letters of mine are hard,  
aren't they, as you say - but on  
the whole I think mine done  
pretty well and I understand  
almost all you say. But it  
will be wonderful to hear  
you say these things. Are  
you going to stay here from  
Thursday until Sunday night?

Whoopee! Hugo darling!

Do you know I'm terribly  
afraid this letter won't get  
mailed tonight - I'm sorry, but



I'll have to light another on the strength  
of that — now — altho, I tried just now  
to write with my cigarette — I'll continue.

Do you realize it's just four weeks  
today since the episode on Center Hall Int?  
And just about six months from today  
till we are married — oh, no I guess it's  
five! Whoopee! again. I love you!

Sorry my love, I tell you I am  
bad but if you think I am good, I am  
good and that settles it! I love you!  
x x v again gazing at your picture — why  
did you slick all the curls away?  
Because I wasn't there to pull them out?  
Horny, + come over and I'll pull them  
to my heart's content — I love you!

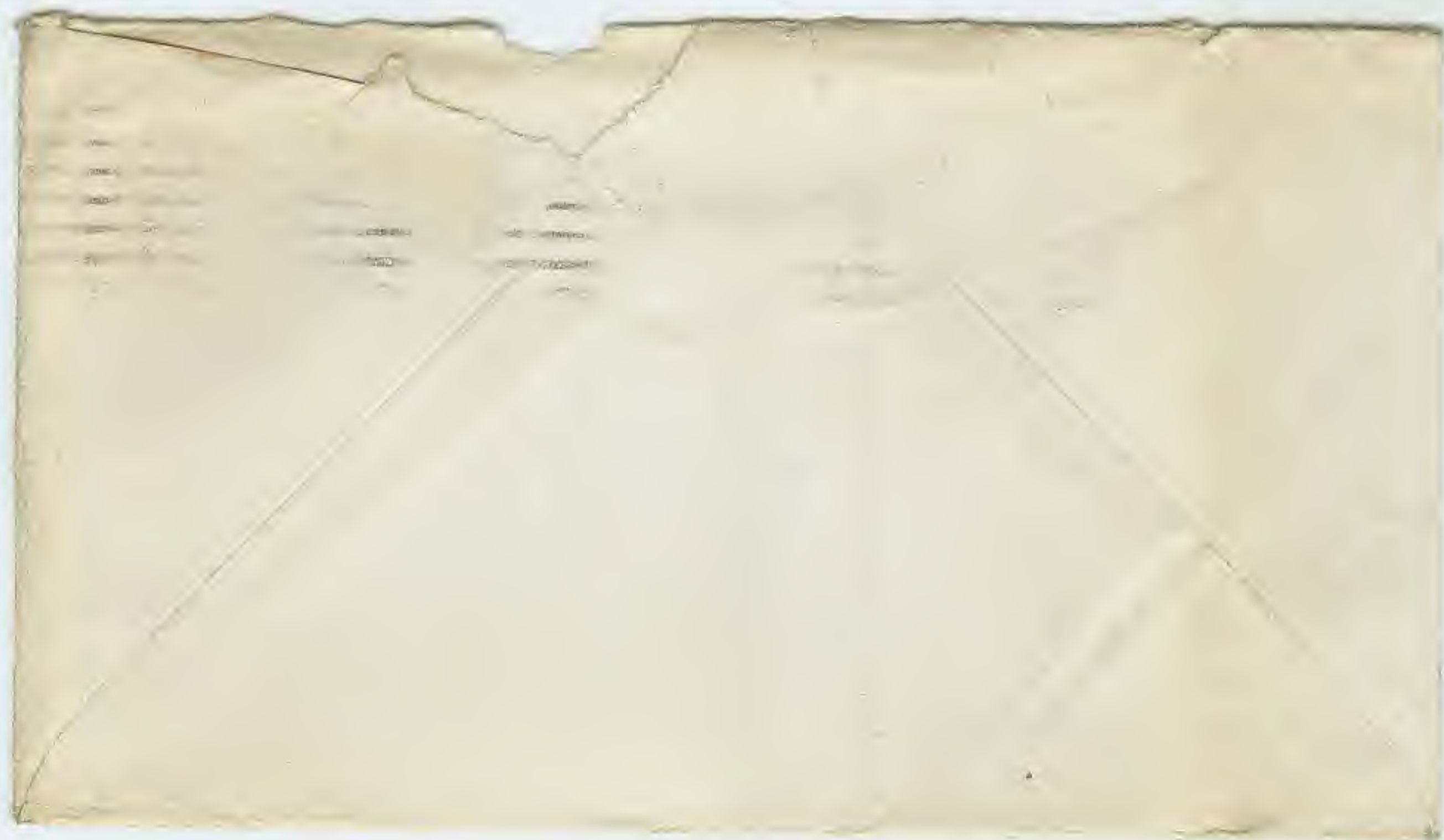
The thing I have to tell you — members —  
— is nothing — it gets smaller every day  
and my love grows bigger every day — I'm  
getting sort of scared for fear I'll burst  
when you come — oh, but wouldn't it  
be awful if when I see you I don't love  
you so much?? Fat chance! And  
you? — will you love me more when  
you see me? Gosh — I'll murder you if  
you don't for I simply love, love, love you — home





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Pennywainia House  
Tyrore  
Pennywainia







and you'd better not tell any-  
one you saw Uncle Fred's! I  
think I'll enclose a clipping from  
Dad, too - it doesn't apply now  
at all, but it lets you see how  
Daddy is enjoying all this!

Your letter on the blue paper  
was a lovely one, Hugo's too. Do  
you mean you are coming  
this very next week-end? Gosh,  
I can't think about it for fear  
I shall be disappointed. But  
you'd better wait for the ring,  
for you simply have to put

Jan. 23

Hugo dear, I've just written two  
rather difficult letters and it is  
a wonderful relief to turn to you.  
They were to Dad & to Ma. I am  
enclosing Dad's which I had to  
answer - I had to make mine  
even nicer than his. But Ma is  
not wholly reconciled yet,  
Hugo, but soon will be, I think.  
I don't see how she can  
help but be with every one else  
so very much with us. I am  
also enclosing Uncle Fred's - please  
send them both right back to me



it on my finger - I shall try to get  
all the paint off for the occasion! And  
sunny my love, we seem to have about  
the same reactions, for it was just lately  
that it occurred to me that you could  
not possibly be really in love with me!  
I wonder what it is that gives us those  
and den horrible feelings. But, please  
Hugh dearest, remember I do love you  
"really + truly + hope to die"!

I had luncheon with a class  
mate today - the one who is so interested  
in you + me - and she took me to see  
"In the Next Room" a very thrilling de-  
tective play. And then I came home +  
cooked my solitary supper with your  
photograph to talk to!

I must go out + mail this before  
it gets any later - wasn't that ridiculous  
about the stamp - I tell you, Hester, I  
must be in love! Oh, goosh - if I  
don't try to jump out the window +  
into I suppose I shall be lucky, for that  
is where my mind - and heart are! I love Hugh,  
Hester





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE

Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Perryman Hall.  
Tyone  
Perryman







I simply can't catalogue your writing according to my book!

things about the house, etc. I shall soon have to ask the family outright if it is to be gone.

I had lots of fun today in school as I had great success with a portrait of one of the boys and in the after-noon class my teacher admired my drawing, saying it had an idea behind it. I couldn't see the idea myself but trust to his better judgment!

When you come I shall not go to school at all! and what's more you can just plan right

Jan. 24.

Hugo mio querido (?) is going to wash my hair in a minute and will have to interrupt this. I haven't an awful lot of time, as Beau & I are going to the Waldorf to dine with Aunt Fannie & Uncle Fred. I am quite excited about it as I never see any one who knows you these days.

I got a nice letter from your mother this morning with the Sally Harris clipping. She said all kinds of encouraging



Willing to come, I planned all kinds of car tans. I'll make & furniture all paint!

now to drag me around to buy your suits & every thing! You are not going to get rid of me so easily, Mr. Dingley.

Now, my hair is washed - and I'm munching give back - I always seem to be munching it lately and yet they say I'm getting thin! Do you know - you look thinner in this photograph - what's the matter?

Yesterday Mrs. William Dodge Horne, 170 Park Ave. called on me. I never heard of her - is it one of your cousins? Do let me know for I must call on her - I wasn't here, needless to say - "Bill Horne" sounds familiar.

I had a lot to say, but I must have washed it away with my hair! So I'll finish this sheet telling you I love you! You are quite right about my being away long enough to really know - and I've thrashed it out and - still love you! Once in a while I almost convince myself with my strong arguments against it, but then my love for you always comes out on top!

It's quite exciting doing that - Art & a Career versus Hugo - but, you needn't worry Hugo darling. You never told me if you mind being called "Hugo darling," etc - I've always thought it was extremely silly but some how - well, you just are darling, you know. I love you -  
Your Nora





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







with red cheeks and sparkling brown eyes - in fact, I'm afraid I ruined it - but I liked it better (that word is b-e-t-t-e-r!)

Then I met Aunt Louise and Cousin Albert & Marjory Day at the Waldorf for lunch and afterward went shopping and Aunt Louise bought a lovely table cover for us! Wasn't that sweet? Then we three "women folks" came up to see my shade and there! - was the box of flowers - lovely sweet peas & a few violets - gosh! I was thrilled & so were they! I  
(Aunt L. & Cousin A., not the flowers!)

Jan. 25-

Hugo! Hugh! Hutee! Sunny!!!  
You perfectly darling old good-for-nothing! Don't you know you must not squander your money? But, oh, how pleased I am to have the flowers, & how I love them and how I love you! Hugo dear!

I got your precious letter this morning and as usual was very happy and glad that I said what I said last 25<sup>th</sup>, and went to school in high spirits - I could not work on the portrait of yesterday very well because the light is dark I tried to make him lighter



joined a few on and Aunt L. & I went down to see Cousin Mamie. Then I rushed back to school to a lecture on *vestibularis*! Had dinner alone at the Ward's with Beau then he & I took a walk & he insisted on coming up here - when I was so anxious to write to you!

Last night Aunt L. took Beau & me to see "Covered Wagon" a splendid movie and when we came out it was snowing hard! But today it is all gone.

I had the funniest dreams - among them one that I'd got the ring and it was a queer white clear stone the size of this one of Beau's - only, Hugo says, it was wonderful because I could look into it and see a moving picture of Bellefonte! Into an idea, n'est-ce pas? And in another dream you wore a big checked shirt like one in the movies last night!

I got a note this morning from Mrs. Horne, whom I asked you about. It was awfully nice and she's coming to see me again - she & Mary Horne Adams. And I got a note from Dad - I can quote it - "The enclosed may interest you - Dad" and the enclosed was your letter.



to Ma! I was so pleased for Ma  
had written of it saying it was  
of no importance, just full of your  
love for me so she didn't  
think she'd send it. I was rather  
hurt for what did she think  
would interest me 'cept your love  
for me? But I said nothing  
and then, Dad crashes thru!  
He is a peach, Hugo and I'm  
so glad we have such a firm  
booster in Miami. for I'm afraid  
poor dear Ma is not yet re-  
conciled to "losing her baby"  
She will be in time, don't worry  
especially with dear old Dad



so intensely pleased him self.

But I wish she would hurry -

Hugo darling - oh, really I  
just can't tell you tonight - I  
feel sort of dicky at the thought  
of you - if only you were here  
and I could sort of fit into  
the curve of your neck and  
just make noises - I am entire-  
ly too happy to be content  
with mere pen & ink - but I  
suppose we must be patient  
and then - ! Ah - I want to  
scream, I want to sing, I want  
to cry, I want to shout, for I love  
you! Mmmmm - hum - hum - Now.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Box 269  
Tynone  
Pennsylvania







found them! I guess I am  
losing my mind! Not that it  
matters at all if you get shoes  
or not! Aw, Hughie, aren't you  
going to let me be with you  
all the time? I had planned  
such fun and I could look in  
shop windows while you were  
busy or admire the pretty  
colored neck ties in the men's  
shops! But - it will be as  
you wish, my lord & master!  
I went to school to a lecture  
this morning and then went

Jan. 26 1924.

Hugo dear, I've just come from  
a delightfully silly movie - Buster  
Keaton in "Our Hospitality" and  
feel sort of foolish myself - es-  
pecially as I just read this morn-  
ing's letter and said "I could  
have sworn he said he used to  
get shoes" - but no mention in  
the second reading - then I remem-  
bered I was in bed when I got  
your letter & must have dozed  
off again & dreamt the shoes,  
but no, I couldn't have done  
that - so I read it again and



then went shopping - only intending to  
get some samples Ma wanted, but  
somehow I got into Woolworths and  
that place is my destruction always!  
I came out laden - among the bundles  
this paper - don't you think it is nice  
18 sheets & envelopes for ten cents!!

Then I got on top of a bus & go  
way out to 10 2<sup>nd</sup> street to meet  
Beau & Jane at a skating rink - it  
was freezing - One man came up too  
and sat beside me & asked me if I  
liked the cold! I said yes and he said  
he had a nice warm fur lined coat & I  
said I had a fur coat and he said -  
and I said - but then the bus driver  
called up that there was a seat below  
& he went down! and when I got to the  
rink Beau & Jane had gone! I finally  
found them at the Allen ton (Jane's hotel)  
having tea! I joined them and we ate  
so much that Jane & I decided to go  
to the movies instead of eating dinner!  
so now after the movies - it is still



even decided which one to  
accept! One with Skirmy, a  
Passante. Some names too, one  
with Aunt Lurise in Bronville  
and one little <sup>P.S. - how'd I get that?</sup> a maiden lady  
from Lancaster at the Colony  
Club. The latter is the most  
high hat but I think I'll take  
the former!

The ardent press are casting  
a shadow over this paper but  
I wouldn't move them for the  
world - they are so lovely.

Got another engagement pres.

early. I love a crazy day like  
this and New York is the best  
place for them - think I'll  
wait till a year from June to  
marry you! - so that I can  
be crazy in New York a little  
longer! What say? Will  
have to be so awfully con-  
ventional in Bellfonte and  
eat three proper meals a day!  
How terrible!

I have three invitations  
pending for tomorrow dinner!  
And haven't accepted one yet or



cut today - two darling handkerchiefs from  
the wife of the man who started me  
on my downward path - oh, excuse  
me - I never trod a downward path!

I have a little wigg dancing lady on  
my bureau and this is her attitude now



that is your picture tho the like-  
ness doesn't do either of us justice  
but you can see that she too

has fallen for you, can't you?

I read a good joke in one of James  
"Punch's" tonight "Bridegroom, having over-  
slept on the fateful day" I say, dearest,  
be sure not to get married until I get  
there!" "Be sure to be on time yourself  
Hugie (I like that one - pronounced Hew-gie)  
or I may get married anyway!"

So you know, my foolish mood is  
leaving - due to the wind rattling thru  
this sky parlor of mine (my roommate  
hasn't returned yet!) and instead I'm  
feeling rather tired & lonesome. Ah, funny  
if you were only here to cheer me up  
good! - and I love you so very much!  
Guess I'd better go to bed - after making  
this, so good night, dear boy - Nora.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywainia House  
Tyrore  
Pennywainia







do tell you - have you that trouble, too?

I am a very clever girl, Hugo - you remember those three invitations I mentioned yesterday? Well, I worked it so that I accepted them all! I had lunch today with Miss Beall at the Colony Club - she gave me two cute little rhinestone shoe buttons as an engagement present! Then I met Jimmy & we went to the Cathedral to hear an Englishman, Rev. Studdert Kennedy - very good - then had supper at her house.

Jan. 27.

Hugo my dearest, no letter from you today and altho disappointed I am rather relieved! - because I forgot to tell you not to send specials as my land lady gets so cross and hates to have any one get cross in connection with you & me. But it does make Sunday an even longer day than it is. I think I forgot to tell you - you know, this writing so often and thinking of you so constantly makes me awfully confused as to just what I



and she gave me a lovely pink silk  
shirt! It's sort of appalling to think that  
you'll see me in it some day!! I'll do a  
dance in it & you'll think you're at the  
Follies! And to continue tomorrow I'll  
have lunch & the afternoon with Aunt L.  
I'm sort of sorry I arranged that one as  
Monday is my pet day at school and  
there's a good lecture on - however I think  
I shall go to the lecture anyway - as I can  
easily spend an afternoon with Aunt L.  
after June!

Went to church with Cousin Annie.  
When you come, as a penance for not  
letting me shop with you, you'll have to  
go to church with me! So there!

At Skirry's they turned the radio on  
but it had no queer voices so it didn't  
give much to my feelings! Hurry up &  
come over, hugs & kisses, for I simply must  
make noises soon!

Good night let sleep - I have to try to  
write a few letters tonight, so must cut  
yours short altho I hate to. Love you  
it is like a great wave at sea with its  
gentle, firm and wonderful onward roll. Your Nora.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywanna House  
Tyone  
Pennywanna



1871

1872

1873



her to go to a lecture, after which  
I met Lillian up pit + a girl she  
is visiting + have dinner. They  
had a "date" so I hurried home  
to your letter but it wasn't! Hugo  
dear, I just nearly die when I  
don't hear from you on Monday.

I was just sitting here - sort of  
sunk when I heard Catherine's  
laugh coming up the steps!  
Good, I'm glad she is back!

It was great tonight  
talking to Lillian about you -  
she was so thrilled. And it was

Jan. 28.

What a day! - first the glooms be-  
cause of no letter from you - then  
gradual rising up with a full  
day and anticipation of the letter  
when I should get home - then glooms  
again because there was still no  
letter and then joy for Catherine  
returned!

I had luncheon with Aunt L.  
& Cousin Marjorie. Aunt L. brought  
me some more table things and  
then left and Cousin M. & I had a  
jolly time shopping. I had to leave



nice to hear from her about how  
quieted Lancaster is. When I talk to  
people about you I get so quieted I  
think I'll explode, and then I come home  
and quietly think about you and get  
sort of a dull ache - wonder what  
I'll do when you come?

Shopping today with Maymie was  
an eye opener! - she had to go in a furni-  
ture store & oh, the prices! O But, hugs  
darling, I wanted every thing I saw! I've  
been building endless houses in my  
mind lately - it is such fun - and  
think what fun it would be really -  
I do hope we build a house!

Catherine is continually talking to  
me, so I guess I'd better seem interested  
as she just arrived and I am glad.  
So good night, sending my love, and  
if I don't hear from you tomorrow  
I think I'll telephone!! For I love you  
so very much & oh, how I want you! Now.





REGISTER  
OF  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh W. Dingley  
Pennywainia House  
Tyone  
Pennywainia







Had a letter from Aunt today - nothing much.  
Mr. Zuker was quite drunk this morning - ugh! it makes me sick. He calls every one dear - even the old fat ones, and makes the most disgusting remarks.

I was so mad - I went to call on a friend of Cousin Mammie's whom I should have called on ages ago. I kept on going toward the number and the houses got smaller, the streets dirtier and the names crazier until I became nonplussed. And then she didn't live there! When I got home I found I went East instead of West! I marked

Jan. 29.

Bugo m'is, you are doing beautifully - two letters today! One when I got up and one when I got home - sort of like saying one's prayers. I liked the best one best - the ones written in B'fts are always sort of queer. I wonder why -

Aunt Maud's name is:

Mrs. William B. Waterman

123 Waterman Street

Providence, R.I.

A very easy address to remember.



So this letter too terribly stupid - I'm nearly dead, - tired!

too - fresh lima beans, & fresh strawberries are among the items on our menu for to night! Wait till you come! I'm at present waiting for Katriuka to come home to start cooking - I'm hungry now.

It's funny - it seems ages since yesterday when I was still having so many engagements. Now with Catherine back, it is so nice and settled. I guess I really am a home-body in spite of never having been home much!

What do you mean by saying I ought to marry some one like Phil? Are you finally realizing what I told you ages ago - that you are too good for me? But, please, Hughie, don't realize it now for I love you too much now to stop.

I'm glad you are having such a gay week - you'd better bring your typewriter there - at least, the Judge & Beau wear one (I mean, two.) every night to dinner.

Well, Sunny, I must put the potatoes in the oven - so had better stop this and concentrate on them! All my love - Mom.





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



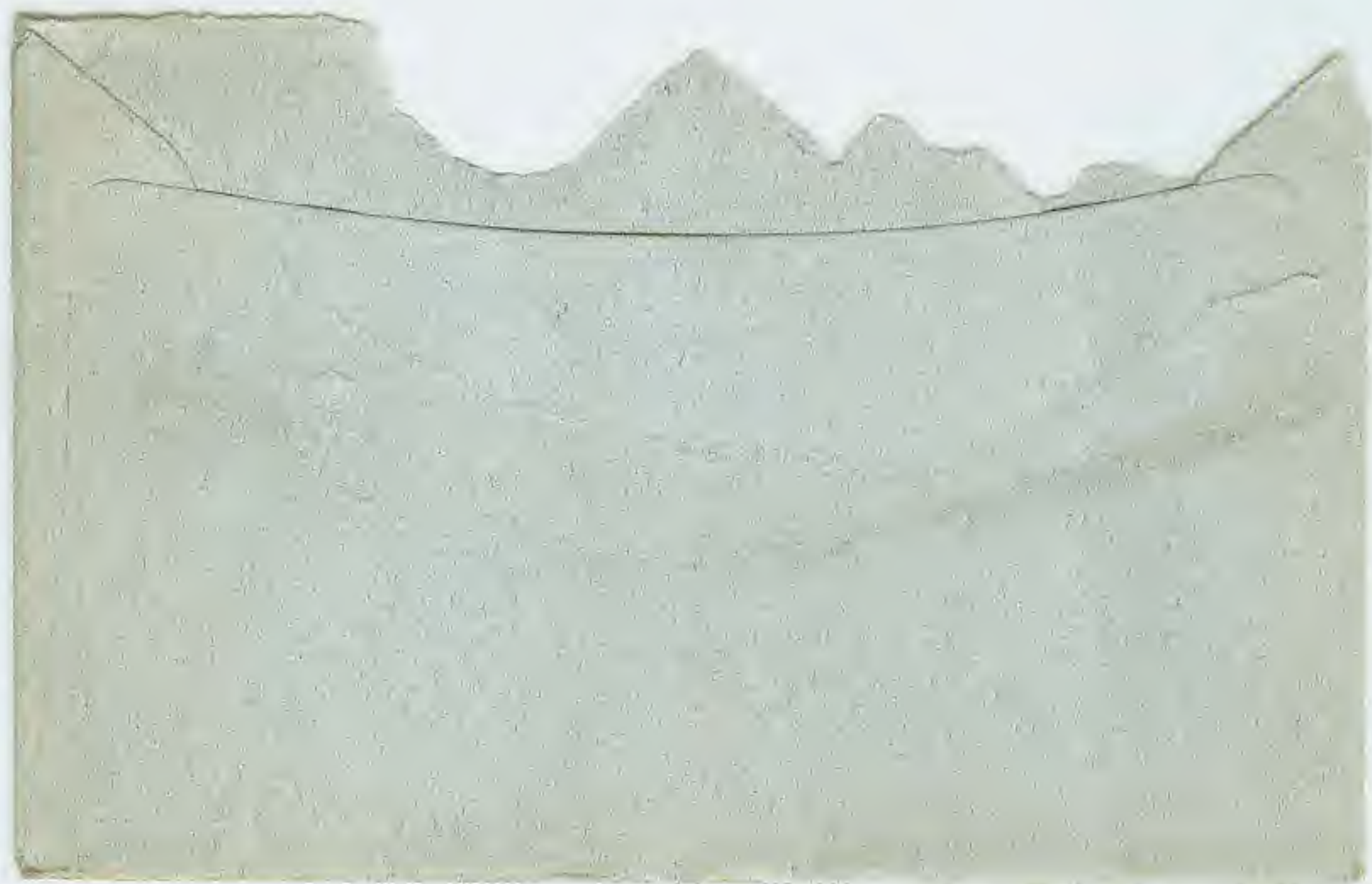
Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

Pennsylvania House

✓ Grove

Pennsylvania







forward to a second visit before  
the first has come off!

I actually found the girl today  
whom I tried to call on yesterday  
and she was at home + there was  
too so it wasn't so bad. I'm  
going to Cousin Marnie's to dinner  
in a few minutes - with a clear  
conscience at last - on account  
of the call.

at school they accuse me of  
flirting with one of the men! Can  
you imagine any thing as in-  
genuous? Mr. Laker said yesterday  
if any of the girls brought forth

Jan. 30

Dearest Hugo,  
Are there 31 days  
in January? Dear me! - and 29 in  
February this year - isn't it awful?  
It's been hot here today and I've  
felt like lead - I seem to get tired  
about every other week - but next  
week when you come I'll be feeling  
fine! Just wake - oh, Hugo! only  
you are so uncertain, or rather,  
the ring is, isn't it? But when  
you come there after - there will  
be nothing to wait for. Isn't  
that like me to be looking



Letter the other day was quite neat, but I think I can beat it, for, aren't I your clever one?  
a perfectly good man who'd marry an old  
give them a thousand dollars! If I thought  
he ever had it, I'd most certainly take you  
up to see him! He was talking about the  
young fellows in his country (center Pa.)  
said they were all big & husky (I agreed)  
and they were all rich (!) and there wasn't  
a ford to be seen, only Pierce arrows & Rolls  
Royces (!!!). I must add, he was drunk!

Ellis is having quite a time with  
Bobbie, isn't he? getting up so early to  
all her must mean business - it did  
when I was a young girl! And, butie  
you dear dumbbell, don't you know you'll  
have to educate me an awful lot? I'm  
really quite brainless.

I wonder if you are at Nan's  
party tonight? I told her you & I would  
have a party for her next year, wouldn't  
we? I got quite a nice letter from Ma  
this morning - she seems to be coming  
around beautifully but I don't know if  
it is sincere or just because of the  
scolding I gave her. Your ending in your



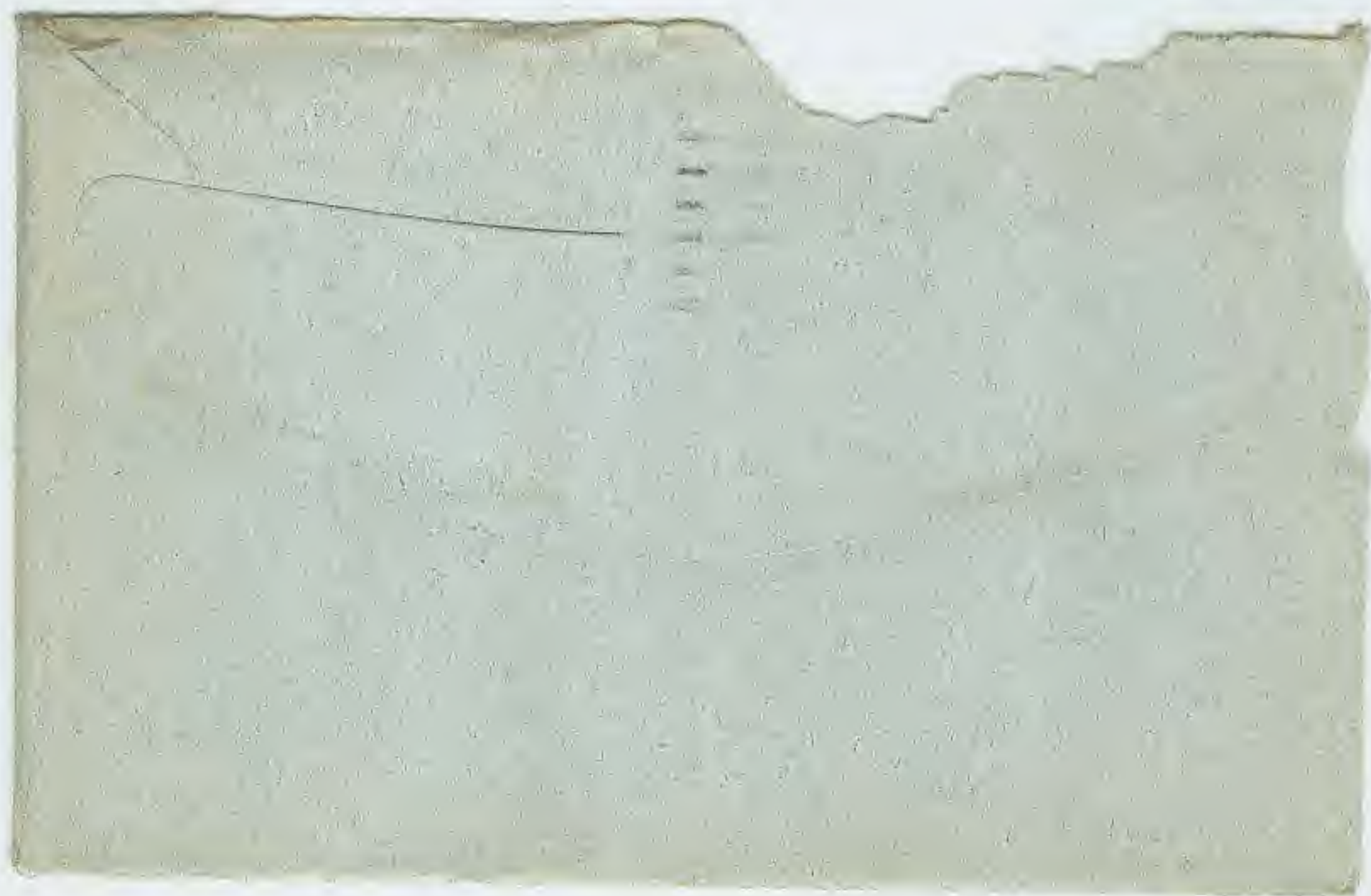


REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley  
Pennywainia House  
Tyronne  
Pennywainia







facts of things already done and  
the plainest of these is - I love you.

Beside from that I remember  
dining with Cousin Mavis last  
night and promising to go to a  
church dinner & meeting for her.  
She's too old. So pretty soon Catherine  
& I shall venture forth to the dinner  
where we know no one! But it  
is a free meal, any way and a  
free meal means just so much  
toward a linen sheet or some-  
thing for you & me! No, really,  
I have no doubt that we shall

Jan. 31



That's a life-saver, symbolizing  
this letter - to keep you alive until  
you come to New York!

Well, let me see what was I  
going to say - after I wrote "New  
York" I got tangled up in the  
near future and what would  
happen when you do come and  
my thoughts flew far to fast  
to be put on paper. All my  
love is equal to me - is - plain



have a very good time at the dinner, for  
the Miss Carr I called on is going to be  
with us and she is very clever.

Why didn't you fall in love with  
a clever girl, Hugo - you had better  
change, for I want you to have the  
very best! However, I am planning to read  
& study a lot after we are married in  
order not to disintegrate - do you like  
to be read aloud to - to, not at? If so,  
we shall have a truly delightful time.

You might teach me Spanish, too and  
I'll teach you - goodness knows what!

What little I know of Art, I guess.

Tonight is your cotillion in Lyons,  
isn't it? Jimmy, I'd like to be dancing  
a "cotillion" with you, my love - but -  
I shall be at a church banquet!

Have you heard about the White  
Rock business meeting yet - anything  
startling? Oh, Hugie, come here, I want  
to talk to you! Devotedly. Nora.





Mr. Hugh M. Lupton  
Belbafate  
Venusy wania









it doesn't make any difference  
to me when you get here ex-  
cept that it is as soon as  
possible! I won't meet the  
train - but if it is Sunday I'll  
be going to early church at  
eight and will call you up  
just afterward. I guess you'll  
go straight to the Ward's. Beane  
will be there tho I'm not sure  
about his being fully dressed.  
And you had better bring  
your dinner coat - won't one

Feb. 1 -

Hugo! I'm so excited I can  
hardly write - to think that you  
may be here day after tomorrow  
in fact in scarcely more than  
twenty-four hours! Hugo!

I didn't get your letter  
early today and had to wait  
for it until after my lecture  
when I got home at seven.  
And, gosh! I was thrilled - only  
I wouldn't be surprised if  
you didn't come! But Hugo



It's like to write more but I think I'd better wait this in a hurry - good night!  
suit and a Trunks be enough - that  
much will go into a suitcase surely!  
Well, I won't pack your suitcase  
for you - ever! But do wire me  
when you're coming.

There'll be a lot of people at the  
wards & dinner Sunday - so we'll go  
out and Beau & the judge are going  
out Sunday night. Monday night  
Beau has to go to troop but will take  
us & another girl to the theatre on Tuesday  
night - you can stay longer than  
that, can't you? I might go to school  
from one till about three on <sup>Monday</sup> Tuesday if  
there's nothing very important with you.  
No, I don't know as I will - well, well  
see. I'm just telling you these things  
to give you an idea of what you  
are coming to.

But what you are coming to,  
really, is your little Nora, isn't it?  
And, funny dear, you've no idea how  
she loves you! Don't you know, I'd sort of like to  
meet the train - except that I have no alarm clock - but  
I will. Let me know exact time & I'll be there - oh, Hugie!





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Singley

~~Belfonte~~ Tyrone

Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania  
Hause







got your note early this morning  
and went back to bed & slept  
peacefully. at present I am im-  
agining you & Phil in Philis-  
burg and if you dare write  
that again you didn't do what  
you intended I'll be mad!

I hope that particular old  
girl of yours doesn't still like  
you for she must feel so badly.  
Oh, dear, I'm sorry every one  
can't marry you and yet - very  
glad! For, I love you, I love you!  
that's the song!

Feb. 2.

Rugby mio, I've been so happy  
all day and have been hoping  
for the telegram, but it is now  
eight so I guess I'd better write -  
tho I don't know where to send  
it - this visit of yours is most  
upsetting and oh, funny dear,  
you've no idea how excited I am!  
all I am capable of doing is  
singing "I love you" and that  
off key, they say, for I am  
entirely oblivious of it.



*that they the telegram will come!*  
*Mora.* Katrina and I went to a matinee today -  
the other Rose" - my good and in it both  
the girl + the man discovered very sudden-  
ly that they loved each other, so it made  
me feel quite reassured - tho I didn't  
really need any reassurance.

I got an umbrella today from  
Mrs. Hartman - it is quite good-looking  
& was my sweet of her to send it. I haven't  
heard a word from Bubbie - he  
certainly is queer. I wonder if I had be-  
come engaged to some body else, whether  
you would have had nothing more  
to do with me, not even to have ex-  
tended your best wishes! I hope not!

I hope you would have gone after the  
other man with a club and made me  
marry you anyway! But then! - ye  
gods! it would be awful if Bubbie  
did that!! I've discovered if you start  
arguing about any thing connected with  
love you get all mixed up - so I've just  
stopped arguing and succumbed to the joys  
love has for those who are willing. With that





REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE MAIL



Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Penney Wania House  
Tyone  
Penney Wania







night - did you understand it -  
oh, yes, Beau read me your nice,  
but not nice, answer tonight - but  
mean did you realize it was  
because my dear kind thoughtful  
landlady simply exploded when  
your special came on Sunday!?  
And she refuses to sign for any  
more! Can you defeat that?  
So I wired you, and then a  
funny thing happened - this  
morning a boy came puffing  
all the way up here with a  
telegram and before I could open

Feb. 4.

Hugo beloved, I didn't write to  
you yesterday! The very first  
day I've missed since I left you!  
But I didn't know where to send  
it and was hoping I might be  
able to talk to you about what  
ever I had to say. And I think I  
sent the Saturday letter to Belle-  
fonte - poor you, I guess you  
haven't had a letter from your  
devoted Nora for a long time!  
Has it seemed like a long time?  
But I telegraphed you last



pure immortality - this in love, myo dearest, I'm not a mortal and my tried! - good night, dear -  
it I was planning to meet you on the  
three o'clock train - but that isn't the  
point - the point is that after all the  
now & my trying to remedy it, another  
came and all it said was that the  
Bite office was closed last night so  
the message was delivered this morning!  
I had to laugh, but I was afraid to go  
down stairs for fear she'd elude me -  
but I slept out unnoticed.

So you are not coming until Thursday.  
I am very disappointed but suppose as I've  
waited this long it won't matter - and I do  
hope Thursday is final - am anxious to  
get your letter in the morning - none today!

Had a busy day yesterday socially  
and worked hard from nine (a little after!)  
until six today so am quite weary just  
now and think I'll mail this and then  
crawl between the sheets. I would like to  
scribble a couple more sheets (of paper!)  
telling you how alone you and how  
anxious I am to see you, but that is a  
big job for an active brain and for my  
weary one it seems nothing less than





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Pennywaria House  
Tyrore  
Pennywaria







to have me mention it now, but  
it's hard to think of any thing else  
when my tum-my feels like a saw-  
mill and - oh, well, you are going  
to be my husband some day, aren't you?

I was awfully glad to get your  
Sunday letter today - it was a very  
nice one and made me happy  
if possible! I'm hoping for another  
written yesterday in & gone, later on  
in the day. I just live by your  
letters - and the thought of seeing  
you - gosh, will that day ever  
come? Unless there is a blizzard I

Feb. 5 -

Hugie dear - this is funny - it's  
after twelve - noon - and I'm writing  
to you in bed!! I don't feel very  
well and it is cold & windy & raining  
outside, so I decided my warm little  
bed was the best place for me today.  
I wasn't supposed to feel this way  
until Thursday and had been a  
little worried because you were to  
arrive on that day - but now it  
is fine - I shall be top-notch by Thurs-  
day. I didn't say any thing before  
and you most likely won't like



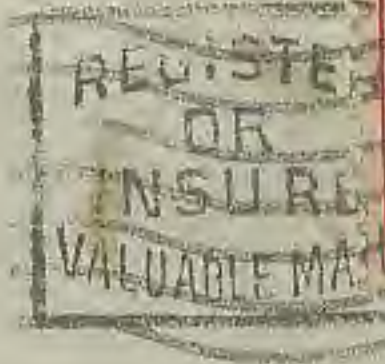
certainly intend to meet that early train, so hang around the gate for a few minutes before setting off for the judges.

Wasn't it a shame the initial was wrong - but it was most important for I don't want to be engaged to the wrong person! I'm getting awfully anxious to see that ring - and will appreciate it all the more after this long hard wait. Two days more and then! Oh, sunny dear, I love you so much! I always knew I could love some one a great deal some day but in this instance realization has anticipation beaten by a million miles!

I guess I'll get up, dress + go out for some lunch now - tho I hate to. but I don't feel like cooking - damn it all! I'm invited to two tea parties this afternoon, too, but it will have to clear up a lot for me to get to them! I hope Mr. Luke was drunk again, so that I didn't miss anything!

If another letter comes today I may write again! I feel like writing all the time to you but I don't know what I want to say when I get started - I mean, I want you! Won't





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley

~~Pennsylvania House~~

~~Lysone~~

~~Pennsylvania~~

*Blue  
Envelope*







Beau is coming over - with the telegram - in a few minutes and I'll let him mail this - yesterday I gave the one I wrote in bed to Billy (the artist) & mail when she went out to lunch as I changed my mind I didn't go - I stayed in bed till nearly four - it was great - and then went to the tea parties, tho I didn't answer why, for I didn't enjoy them a bit. your letter didn't come either - you had say, I don't believe you wrote to me on Monday! however I forgive you for I, too, re-

Feb. 6.

Hugo mis, again Lin dis appointed when Beau read me your telegram the other night saying you weren't coming till Thursday - of course I thought you'd be here Thursday but your speedy letter this morning made me realize you aren't leaving until Thursday - tell Phil, by the way, that at first I was glad he was going to be near you & see you often but now I don't like it as you cut my letters short to be with him!



alike how hard it is getting to be to write letters! I wonder if you will get this one.

I went to school today and had a great time ramping Tommy - that's what they say & tease me - only it's just that his lots of fun. I hope he won't change when he sees your ring on my finger! Men are so queer.

And I went to another tea party after school and ate so much I couldn't do justice to Katri's supper up here. Her sister is coming on Friday, too, so we will have a full house.

I got the nicest letter from Ma to night - wants to know what kind of a wedding I want! - so maybe it will be in June after all! Also said you hadn't sent your picture yet and thought she'd write & ask you for it! So don't send it until she does!

I'm making all kinds of little plans for when you come and am in such a state of perpetual excitement it is quite exhausting. And for the past month I've idealized you so much that I'm terrified that you won't live up to it & I won't love you! awful? Don't





Mr. Hugh M. Drigley  
Penney Wainia House  
Tyone.  
Penney Wainia







in Bellfonte!!

I wonder if you and the  
pretzels and my heart got  
home safely - of course my  
heart got home safely, because  
wherever you are it is safe  
at home in your "bosom",  
but I'm not quite so sure  
about you and very doubtful  
indeed about the pretzels!

I was mad after I left  
you at the train - I could

April 14 -

Hugie dearest, remembering  
your remark about waiting till  
the last minute to write to you,  
here I am at two P.M. telling  
you that I love, love, love you!  
This last was just the most  
wonderful visit - I loved  
you in New York, but I love  
you more in Lancaster and  
according to the ratios of these  
cities, think how I'll love you



have stayed at least four minutes  
longer with you, but I suppose if  
I had we would only have added  
to the number of people we have  
amused. But, oh, Hug is dear, I hated  
to walk off and leave you there!  
Little more than two months and  
I won't have to leave you ever.

Miss you most awfully - you  
see this time I have no school to  
go to, to take it all out in dab-  
bling paint. Instead, I go into the  
kitchen where you were or go down  
the steps and hesitate on the least  
one with no brown eyes on a level  
with mine - it's awful - and I'm  
thinking that Aunt Louise had  
better let me know pretty soon  
if she is going to New York after  
Easter or else not expect to have



opite of the lack of voice  
due to her cold. She said  
if I ever turned you down (!!)  
she was going to propose  
to you immediately! And  
when I finish this I'm going  
to Susie's to hear what she  
has to say about you. Oh,  
yes, I told Kate about being  
a rough-neck! and she  
says she created the wrong

me with her for I shall  
be in Bellefonte — ever hear  
of Bellefonte, Hugie dear? It  
is a dear little thing nestling  
in the mountains and I'm  
going to live there some day  
soon with the dearest man  
I ever dreamed of!

I went up to see Kitty  
Lutz this morning and  
she raved about you in



little things - you forgot yours + I was going to send it, but then you would keep it and so I must have lost it - that way -  
impression and is much perturbed by it and is anxious for you to come again and get another impression. I had a letter this morning, to keep me from missing yours!; from Nell. She sent her love to you, saying she has a great admiration for you altho she is afraid of you!

Imagine being afraid of my little fugitive! Oh, sweetest, I wish you were here - please, Hugie dear, kiss me! Do you know, I'm very stiff and sore today in the muscles of my neck and shoulders! I foresee me with a powerful pair of shoulders before we've been married very long!

Well - I must run along, tho I have lots more to say - there were six little roses left this morning which are here on my desk now - dear





Mr. Hugh M. Dwigley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania.







with you - I'd have given  
most any thing to have been  
there - oh, goosh, Hugie dear! I  
wonder if it will be a moon  
light on our wedding trip.

I'm sort of sorry you are  
leaving Tyrone, too - it is so  
closely connected with my  
thoughts of you since Christ-  
mas that I love it tho I  
don't know it. But I'm so  
proud of you having a letter

April 15.

Hugie dearest, such wonder-  
ful letters as greeted me this  
morning when I awoke - it is  
all wonder I have been  
in the clouds all day, doing  
the most idiotic absent-  
minded things. I love you!

Hugie, I almost wept  
when you mentioned how  
nice it would have been  
if I'd ridden over the auto.



possible in this hour to tell you dear, I shall  
job in B'klyn and super in undent words  
most impressive. I say, Hugie, can't  
you work in your little laboratory  
any more. - that must have been fun.

I hope you said good bye to  
"Marian" for you will "no see for  
a long time" and she must be heart-  
broken at your departure.

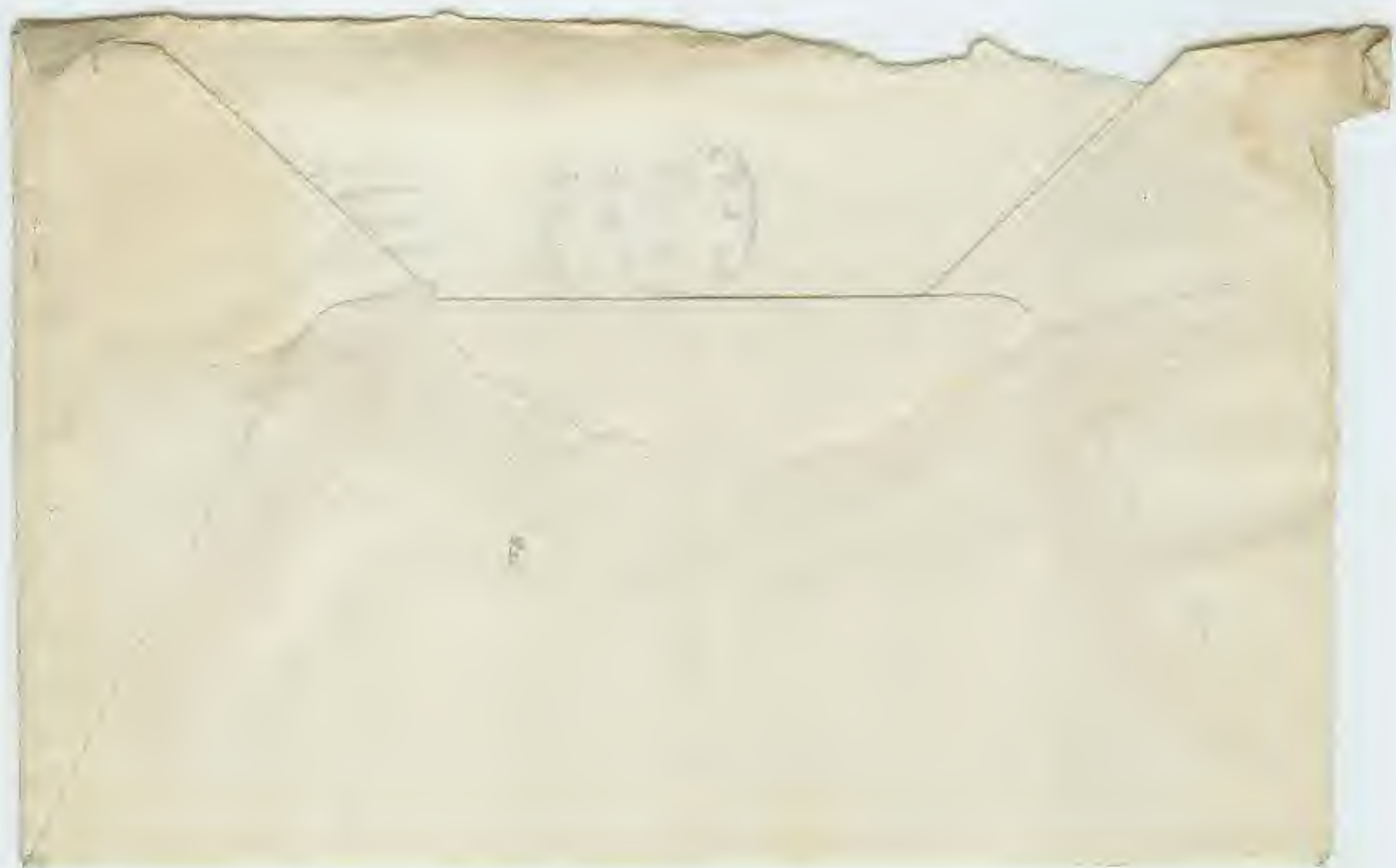
I've got two more presents and  
lots more ideas about wedding dresses  
etc which would interest you. I'm  
beginning to get excited now when I  
think of all the parties and presents,  
but when I think of you and me  
afterward, dear, I - oh, Hugie, I'm  
bursting and turning just as you  
are and find time very slow. And I  
don't think I shall have any more  
opasms for a while. - oh, Hugie darling  
I can't say how I feel - I wish I were  
in N. Y. so that late at night I could  
write to you as I used to, but it's not





Mr. Hugh M. Quigley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







day I should not complain.  
They were wonderful but I  
want you and want to hear  
from you all the time.

I wonder why I don't feel  
like crying any more - gosh, girls  
are funny things - I like men  
much better and am glad I  
can marry a man instead of  
a woman! Hugie dear, do you  
think the time will ever come  
when you and I are "man  
& wife" - sometimes it seems

April 16.

Hugie dear - no letter this  
morning and, oh, how I miss it.  
It has said good morning to  
me for so long that nothing  
seems right today because of the  
lack of it. I know it is on  
account of your being in Bell-  
font - Syracuse had its good  
points. I suppose it will  
take two days to hear from  
you now - damn! But after  
those two dear letters yesterday:



an awfully long way off. It will be  
great to have no duties except to  
you and those duties to you will be  
such fun, Hugo sweeties - now I can  
hear you muttering some thing about  
my not taking things seriously, but I  
can't help it, dear, I think it will be  
fun to try to be a good & happy  
wife for you. Hugie, Hugie, I love  
you most awfully much! something  
unseen must have happened  
during his last visit, something  
mystical, for, sweeties, I love you  
beyond all powers of comprehension.

I must stop - I am always tired  
Hugie, and maybe I shall go to bed &  
Appet - it is early and I would like to  
write to you from now on but my  
arm aches and my back aches and  
I'm just plain tired. It is a dull day,  
maybe that's why. But I love you and  
I'm yours Nora.





Mr. Hugh M. Zigley  
Bellevue  
Pennsylvania







I wrote to Heinie this morning.  
I accomplished a lot today by  
getting up early and am going  
to do so from now on. Only,  
sunny, my love, it makes the  
days just about twice as  
long and I simply can't bear  
the time between now & June  
to be any longer.

The covers for the twin  
beds came today, Mr. Dingley  
and I'm actually beginning  
to think that we're going to

April 17.

Hugo dear,

I was disappointed  
to get such a short note  
from you after going all day  
yesterday without one but I  
know you must have been  
very tired in deed, my poor  
Hugie. I hope you like the  
new job and I'm awfully  
anxious to hear about it.  
How do you hydrate - line?



be married! Hugs, I love you awfully  
much now - I am absolutely & com-  
pletely won over - art, careers, everything  
can go to the winds, all I want is you,  
great, big, dear, sweet, perfectly won-  
derful you! And if you ever want  
anything but me I shall just crumble  
for I'm sort of filled with an indrawn  
breath at the thought of you. But  
that doesn't describe it - how I wish  
I could make you know how I feel!

All the girls are at a party this  
afternoon which I had to refuse on  
account of this being Holy Week and  
one on Saturday, too. Yesterday  
Bublie took Susie & me for a ride  
and then dropped Susie and he & I took  
another ride and talked - it was lots  
of fun, sort of talked from a high  
pedestal to him below - that's the



ed to try to ramp him again.  
Well, I'm sure that would be  
quite possible only it would  
require kissing and some  
how to have him kiss me  
doesn't interest me any more.  
Isn't that awful, Hugie dear,  
to have become so absorbed  
in you that I've lost the old  
pep! Oooh! sweeties, why  
aren't you here this very  
minute to kiss & kiss me??

feeling being engaged girls me!  
He was very sweet, but shut  
up every time I mentioned  
you so it wasn't as nice  
as I could have had it, for  
I love few things better than  
to talk about you, dear. But  
it is nice for Bubbe & me  
still to be good comrades,  
don't you think? At first  
he was so distant, I think  
I told you, that I was tempt-



What do you think?! - you must have made an awfully good impression upon Kitty, for I think she is going to give me a dozen beautiful bath towels! It's a tremendous gift as you will learn someday when these wear out! And I told her you called her a rough-neck! She pretended to be mad and said to ask you how you'd like to be called a "sis"!

Well, I'm an old man, (how'd you like that name?) I must get to work again here - missing nappies after this short bliss of chatting with you. Gosh, I'll miss you all day after we are married - can't I get a job in the hydrating plant? - oh, dear, poor, poor Art! I'd entirely forgot him! Give my love very badly to everyone but really keep it all for your dear self.





Mr. Hugh M. Quigley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







on Easter - so "Happy Easter,  
Hugie dear!" I was going to  
send a card to your mother  
but it's such a nasty cold  
damp day I don't think I'll  
go out - you tell her I wish  
her a happy Easter, Hugo.

Last night in church I  
got all thrilled over an idea.  
Let's get married when I come  
to Bellefonte! No, no, you're  
not thinking the way I mean.  
I mean to get married by Mr.  
Maynard secretly with maybe

April 18

Hugie dear, the mail was  
very late and made me think  
because of Good Friday it was  
not coming at all, so when your  
dear letter finally came I was  
so happy! It just did come -  
it's only ten o'clock - a most  
unromantic time to write but  
I'm going to church for the  
three hours and after that  
dear knows what will happen.  
I guess you will get this



poor long-suffering Minnie as witness and  
then get married here again in state to  
please everyone. Of course we would only be  
married in name but we would have that  
nice little quiet ceremony which would seem  
so much more beautiful + sincere than  
the one later when we're all dolled up and  
everyone is watching. Big weddings are  
so much like a show to me, but it's very  
hard to draw the line for a small one, either  
a big one or an elopement. I think, so, Sugie  
dear, let's have both and never tell anyone  
except Minnie or Fatty or whoever shall be  
witnesses. And I'd like to be married by Mr. Maynard.  
Oh, Sugie, please, I think it would be beautiful.  
I guess you think it would be nonsense  
and maybe it would so I'll do just as  
you say.

Brrr. this room is as cold as ice - it  
is a drear day but I like a drear Good  
Friday - I wish I were in N. Y. to go to  
the 3-hour service at Father Mc Lure's  
church - or, no, I wish I were in Mr. May-  
nard's church! That's where I'd like to be  
& if you were there, too, it would be heaven.  
Someday I shall live in heaven. Your Nora.





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Beltsford  
Penney Lania







But, oh, Hugie, she doesn't know  
how I love the flowers you  
send for each dear little bloom  
means you love me + I love you  
and that's all I care about  
these days.

I sent you an Easter card  
today - I hope you get it to-  
morrow and I believe maybe  
you will like it.

I'm awfully pretty right  
now - I was looking in the  
glass opposite! I washed

April 19 -

Hugie, you great big dearest!  
you sent me just the loveliest  
flowers today - did you know  
that or do you do it uncon-  
sciously now? They are beauti-  
ful, daffodils, snapdragons,  
daisies, mimosa and hyacinths.  
And the front room looks  
like spring + Easter + every  
thing nice. Ma is enjoying  
them - too - more than I, she  
says, because I'm never home!



my hair today and cooked lamb chops  
for supper which made my cheeks  
red - I wish you were here to admire me.

Beau is here - I've been washing  
all day - market this morning & slud-  
ing off your "card" and this afternoon  
I caddied for Phil & Bubbe - just  
the three of us and we had lots of fun.  
and now I'm going out to my cousins  
to dye Easter eggs.

The chances are that eight  
weeks from today at this time Mr. & Mrs.  
H. M. Dingley will be on their way to  
Harrisburg! Oh, Hugo darling - you & me.  
But I can't believe that it was only  
last Saturday that you were here - oh,  
what a vile thing is time.

I'm quite thrilled at the thought  
of the Shad house! - but then, you  
know, Hugie, I get thrilled at the  
thought of any house with you,  
so do us - you think best & don't  
bother about me. for I love you.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







years as soon as possible, old dear.  
I think the date is set for the 21st  
unless some thing radical happens  
in the next two weeks.

I am guiltily puffing a cigarette  
right now - Lent is over for  
another year!

This was a nasty Easter day  
climatically speaking. we all  
went to church & Kitty crowded  
in with us. Susie & Phil actually  
were there, too, altho Phil is a Pres-  
byterian. I wore the new dress  
which Bean so sweetly brought  
from N. Y. for me in time. It  
is a Trouserian dress, Hugie dear,

Easter Day -

Hugie my love, how are you?  
Feel as if I hadn't heard from  
you for ages in spite of the beau-  
tiful flowers shining in the next  
room.

I took Bean around to the train,  
not with quite the heartache as  
I took with you last week - only  
last Sunday! And then I got to  
work on my list again until  
Mrs. Linman came in and made  
that work even more impossible.  
Isn't it an awful job making  
that wedding list - send me



I am waiting anxiously to hear your view of the secret marriage!

but I simply have to wear some things  
now or go naked! And Beau bought  
me some sweet peas which I wore as  
I hated to cut the stems of the lovely ones  
you sent. But I gave him one of your  
daisies for his button hole and gazed  
at it all thru church. This afternoon  
Dad tried on his cutaway & was pleased  
to find it still fit - then Beau & I took a  
walk and he talked to me in his funny  
way about the virtues of married life.

I read them from my diary the doing  
of last Easter and it said "Hugh sent me  
a lovely bunch of violets" and ma said,  
"why, I didn't know he was doing that  
kind of thing last year!" Ah, there is a  
bit she doesn't know, isn't there, dear?

It's nine o'clock - last week - oh, but  
what's the use of going over the dear  
past - the present is sad & lonely without  
you but, oh, the future is my way. It  
won't be so long now, sunny dearest,  
and then - you and I will begin to live  
Hugo, alone you! Alone you - oh, don't  
you know alone you. And you love  
me!! And I am very happy dear, because  
I am alone more dearest.





Mr. Hugh M. Quigley

Bellevue

Pennsylvania







to see the postmark. I was a bit  
puzzled at being interrupted but  
when he handed the envelope  
back it was another letter!

Dear Daddy and his little jokes!

I'm afraid my nice little  
plan of being married twice is  
foiled - do you have to have  
the license in the newspaper?  
I didn't know that. I knew of  
some people who did work  
the trick but they were mar-  
ried first in N. Y. where a  
little thing like a secret wedding

April 21

May 21

June 21!!

Hugie dearest three letters  
from you today! And such  
darling ones! One early this  
morning and when I came in at  
supper time Dad said "what'll  
you give me if I give you a  
present" - I said "a kiss" and  
he handed me a letter from  
you - written Saturday. I retreated  
to my room to read it and  
soon he called me back wanting



goes unobserved. And I wanted it to be Mr. Maynard, who isn't in N. Y.

And tonight, Hugo, I told the family seriously that I don't like these showy weddings and we discussed it. But I also don't like the so-called small ones - with only family - they are pathetic to me and quite sad. So, as long as it would really break Mother's heart (and maybe your Mother's too) to have us run off all by ourselves I suppose we'll have to go ahead with the right brides' attendants. Of course there will be lots of people there thinking only of how we look or don't look and others who think it's a great spree but I dare say you and I will be unconscious of them, thinking only what a solemn and wonderful event is taking place. A lot of people would be disappointed if we didn't have it and Ma says we never had a coming-out party or anything of the



find out what I wanted for  
a wedding present or if I  
would rather have a check  
for \$50 - isn't he a dear?  
But I'd rather have a present,  
wouldn't you - a check takes  
the sentiment and would  
most likely disappear into  
pitcher, utensils or something  
equally necessary!

I'm glad you liked the  
pictures - yes, the big one  
was copied - very good, I think

What is your idea of a small wedding?

kind and this is about my  
last chance! At least, it's <sup>her</sup>  
last chance. So, Eugie dear,  
we shall have to bear up  
under the strain and it will  
be nice to look back upon  
when we are gray haired!  
Only - I do wish we'd eloped  
in December! No, I don't either  
that would have been mean  
and sort of cowardly and  
no presents! Mercenary me!  
Judge Ward told Beau to



I'll enclose the rest of the ones we  
took but they're not so good - you  
may pick out the ones you think you  
really must have and send the  
rest back. You can get one from  
the two of us together for your watch  
as the one of me is so funny-looking.  
Dad is going to take me in my  
costume for you.

This morning Ma & I went to  
the dress makers and ordered six  
dresses - more coming! so it begins  
to look serious, Hugie dear.

Every one is at a dance here  
tonight - I don't know the hostess  
from Liddy - and you are at one, too.  
Poor little me, humming napkins -  
but lucky little me thinking with  
every stitch that you love me and  
I love you and soon we are going  
to be married and live happily ever  
after! Look! I love you! Me.





Mr. Hugh M. Dwight  
Belmont  
Pennsylvania







I didn't hear from you today!  
However, I haven't got the  
5<sup>th</sup> mails into my head yet.

Hugo is dear, I think I shall  
come to see you on the second  
or third of May - how would  
that suit you? Will you  
have to work that Sunday?

The family haven't said I  
might but I just think I  
will - it would be much  
more convenient for me  
next week-end but Ma is

April 22.

Hugo, old man, no letter  
from you today after the  
three yesterday - does my  
writing look queer? my fingers  
are stiff from hemming!  
I've been here all day, sewing,  
sewing - but Ma does that  
every day so it's up to me to  
try it occasionally.

How was your dance  
last night - oh! that's why



is having a party on Monday afternoon  
& wants me here. If you have to  
work on Sundays I might come in  
the middle of the week.

Yes, Uncle Fred was right about  
the ring, I used to not wear it ac-  
casionally to get added thrill when  
I did wear it, but since the time he  
noticed it so quickly I have worn  
it steadily. I guess I'll take it off  
again - that big one of Beau's goes  
so well with one of my dresses.

I'm afraid, Sweeties, this is a  
stupid letter - I feel stupid having  
sewed so much - but while I sew  
my only consolation is the nice  
string of funny little every day  
stories I make up about you & me.  
You and I are going to be very  
happy some day, I'm sure -  
Well, bye-bye for now - Your M.

Just my best I dreamt about your mother & Minnie - and you & me. It was nice.





Mr. Hugh M. Ingley  
Bellfonte  
Perryman







happened! I've lost my pep  
entirely - for there's a perfectly  
good dance tonight and I'm  
not going - simply don't  
feel like it! And that's all  
your fault, my love, for if  
you were here to go with  
me I just couldn't get  
dressed fast enough!

The main trouble is, I think  
that I want to a bridge-  
luncheon today and they are  
the devil's invention, especially

April 23

Hugo dearest, no letter again  
today! Have you forgot your  
little No. 1? I almost believe  
you have, after getting one letter  
at three leaving Bfts at six-  
thirty - it can't be the mails  
as it must be you, Hugo!  
And I feel very desolate -  
oh, yes, I know you love me,  
but I do like to hear from  
you! And the worst has



on such a marvelous day as this  
has been out of doors. I don't believe  
I could even have painted wholehearted-  
ly indoors today.

Oh, Eugie dearest, I love you, I  
love the country and I just can't  
wait until we are married and  
living happily together in the moun-  
tains! Gosh, it will be gorgeous!  
you + me + the mountains! Will  
we take walks, Sunny dear, and  
just be over flowing with joy and  
come home dead tired and just  
snuggle up? Oh! I hope so! And  
will we - oh, so many things and  
it will all be so wonderful  
because you and I are together!

Gosh, I love you, as I never dreamed  
it was possible to love any  
human being! - a dog perhaps,  
but not a man with faults  
and ideas of his own - and that's



trying to find us a love  
nest in which to coo?

Of course, you know, I'd  
love to live for a while  
with your family - and  
you! - but I won't feel  
really married until you  
and I have our own little  
dwelling - but I'll be  
patient - oh, so patient,  
after June twenty-first!  
"We to be married in June

the astonishing part - for  
if I can find any faults  
in you I love them and  
your ideas fit mine  
beautifully! - or if they  
don't - mine fit yours,  
so what's the difference  
anyway?

How about the job,  
Hugie - is it to your  
liking? And a house,  
Hugie - are you still



if I'm able to support you by then"  
- "no, no ifs - will be married in  
June" - aren't you glad we decided  
on that - let's never have any ifs  
Hugo, let's just do or die.

Everyone is appalled - even me,  
at my lack of hysteria because  
June is approaching and so little  
is prepared - but every thing will  
turn all right it always does -  
if not the expected, something  
equally pleasant will come forth,  
so why the nervous breakdowns  
first?

Wish you were here this  
minute - we could take a balloon  
ride on my soaring spirits - I'd  
like to paint a picture of the impos-  
sibility of locking a person with  
imagination into four drab walls!  
This letter is never ending, so \*! Love you!





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Belleville -  
Pennsylvania







Strange to say, I haven't breathed a word about Phil being from you sailing! I'm glad Steve Wryell is going to be an usher, I like him even tho I don't know him. And it's Phil M. Long, 444 W. Duke St., but please don't let my suggestion influence you - for a Lancaster usher I'd rather have Public for I like him better - but I just thought Phil would be nice on account of Susie.

Yes, cover a lot of ground

I can't see why you like that big picture of me so much!

April 24

Dearest Eugie, I'm all dressed up waiting for Susie & Phil to come to take me to a wedding and may have to stop any minute altho they are always late. It is a Presbyterian wedding so it won't help me much but will be interesting never theless.

At last I've got a letter



who were the "entries" to Williamsport?

with the invitations - there are no announcements after ward, but lots invited to the wedding and a choice few to the reception - just very good friends - see? We are inviting every one to the wedding who ever invited us to any thing and then some - old friends of the family, but at the reception will be only those we'd really enjoy having. It's an awful job - Dad is getting on 400 wedding ones and I on 800! But I don't imagine the reception will exceed 100 - and that's just a guess.

I stole those Rodaks from Dad but I guess I can replace them and get you another.

Well, I'd better stop - they're half an hour late now! Maybe I'd get home early enough I'll write again and tell you how I love you! Always, your Fred.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







Right after lunch I went to Susie's  
and Bubbie came & took us to  
the C. Club to golf. Only I can  
died! And I went to Susie's to  
dinner and by the time I got  
home I was too tired to write.  
So there, Mr. Dingley! I hope you  
don't write when you are too  
tired, either, dear, for what's the  
use - the other just blames  
it on the mails, any how!

The wedding the other night  
was fine, only Susie & I nearly  
collapsed when they started here

April 26.

Hugie dear, your letter this  
morning was a scream, &  
taught aloud in spite of the  
family being in a bad humor.  
I could just picture poor tired  
you and my flighty letter!  
I suppose I should try to write  
to put your moods at noon  
but that requires more of an  
artist than I! All I can do  
is write my own mood. I  
didn't write at all yesterday!



comes the Bride" - what will we do at  
our own?

I got a wire from Heine this morning  
& she is going to spend the night  
with me. I can't imagine why, but  
I'm very much pleased and excited it's  
almost as good as having you come!  
And I'll spend all night asking her  
questions, I'm sure.

The family are in a terrible mood  
lately and don't want me to come to  
Dpts at all - until June 21<sup>st</sup>! I really  
weep whenever I think of it - oh, Hugo  
sweetest, I - must come - I just must.  
They say if there was some good ex-  
cuse it would be all right - oh, dear,  
what better excuse than because we  
want to see each other! Don't be dis-  
couraged, tho, I am not - I want to  
come and, by jove, I will come!

It is a beautiful day again  
and I'm going out for a walk  
with Lottie, - oh bye - bye, my love -  
oh, Gosh, Hugo, I love you! Your Me.





Mr. Hugh M. Quigley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







delegate the church convention? Dad is one! but he

on Sunday for the 8:01 and I'll  
get home at 10:18. - I put that  
plan before the family and they  
were silent - so I have hope  
of consent.

It was great having Heinie  
here - next best to you as I  
said, because she loves you  
almost as much as I do - per-  
haps! We took a walk all  
last evening & talked & talked  
- about you, my love and  
how I enjoyed it!  
She said you wouldn't

say you will have to be there all the time - so  
I guess it wouldn't help me much. I hope you can, read  
all this! I love you!

I got your special just after Heinie arrived.  
Love, me! April 27.  
Hugie, dear old soul,  
How I  
wish you were here on this  
beautiful day! But next  
Sunday - oh, Hugo, I think  
I'll be with you! Heinie & I  
looked up the trains - 6:05  
from here - you meet me in  
Lewis town at 8:44 P.M. of  
course, next Friday - wouldn't  
that be fine? And then you  
will take me to Lewis town



and your love to me but I didn't care,  
for you see, I knew I had it already!  
And so I wouldn't send mine back, for  
I don't believe in presenting people with  
their own possessions, either.

I showed mine all my precious  
belongings, your gifts and what I've got  
so far for the trousseau. It was great  
to have a new one to spring them on!  
We slept together and this morning  
she left after she took a little walk.  
I couldn't go to church - thank goodness  
for it is too heavenly out of doors.  
Public went to N. Y. on the same train  
tho they hadn't met (that sounds queer  
but you know) He's going to be inoculated  
for hay fever.

We found Aunt Gertrude & Mary Horn at  
the station again this morning - they wanted  
me to go to Mannheim with them, but I'm being  
very attentive to Ma so I can leave next  
week-end! She & I were just talking birth  
control & some how I had to tell her that you  
& I talked this way & she was amazed at first but  
thinks it is not a bad idea. She really is a dear.

I think Ma & I are going to that Adel place on Tuesday. Are you going to be a





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belmont  
Perryman

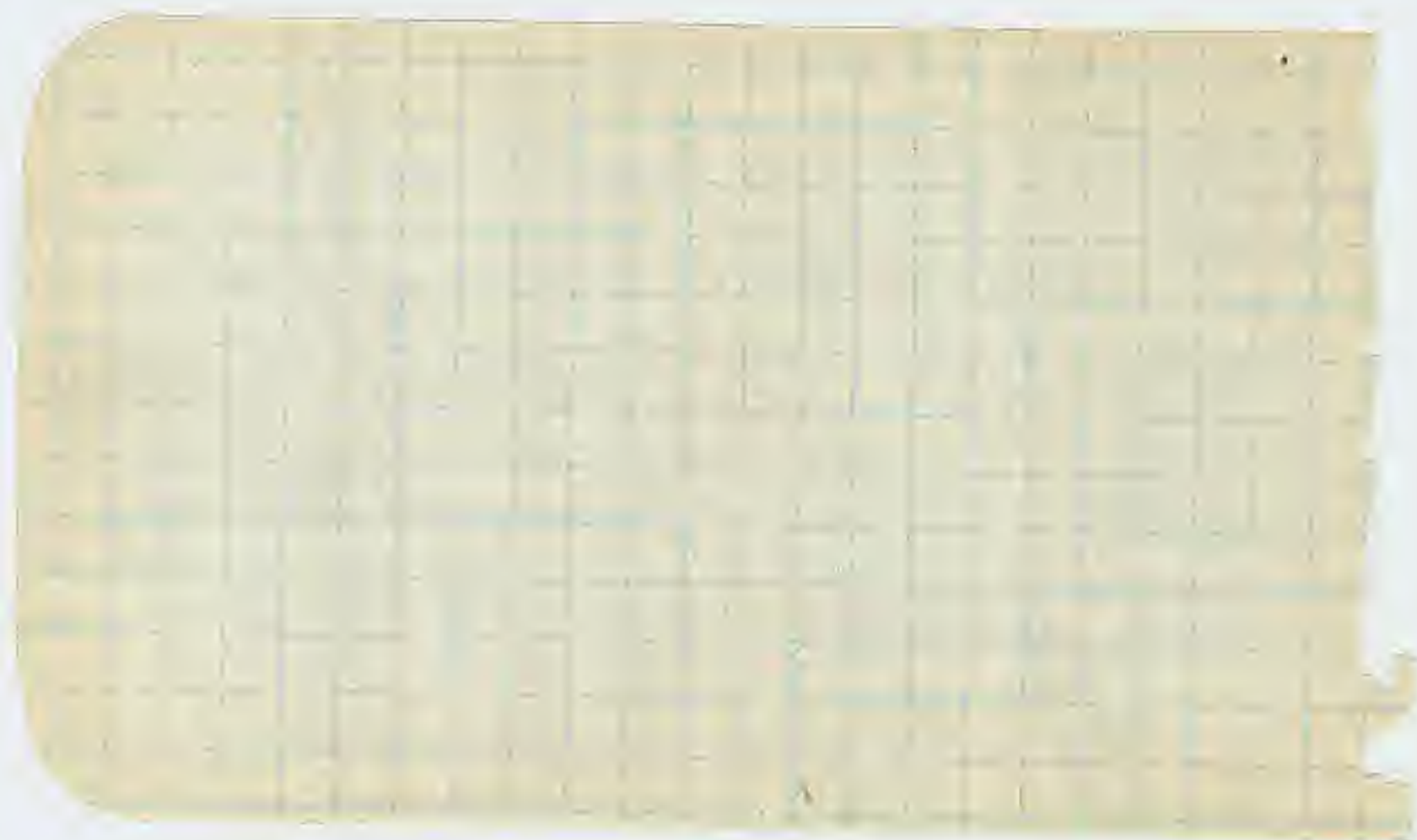






After I sealed this letter the  
family asked me if I'd  
told you to hurry up with  
your test - they're waiting  
so please, will you  
send the number soon.  
Lots of love - Nora







I told Ma you wrote of your  
mother as "Ma" and she said  
to tell you that is her name!  
I had to laugh to my self for  
when I first used to call  
her that she got mad -  
mothers are as funny as the  
rest of us! I love you!

We had a tea party this  
after noon and Kate came +  
helped me to make all the  
food - it was a success and  
all the "old ladies" said I

April 28

Hugo dear, I think a house  
next to the Veffers would  
be lovely, I'm ashamed to say!  
Ashamed, because every plan  
you've mentioned for our  
future "love-nest" I have  
said would be lovely - but  
that only shows how easy  
I am to please. And I won't  
say "love-nest" again, Hugo,  
but I bet it will be. (There,  
isn't that enigmatical?)



will make a splendid housekeeper!  
Aren't you glad to know that, now  
you've taken on this terrible respon-  
sibility of me! I love you!

Aunt Louise saw Ma at the  
train yesterday and now my plans  
are all upset again for me! They  
want me to go up with her next  
week but I've shown them that I  
like not the idea and want to go  
on Friday - you could meet me  
couldn't you? Well, we will see  
what happens. And I am coming  
up, you know that. I love you!

I wish I could paint a picture  
that would sell for a lot of money.  
I am good-for-nothing. I had a  
great disappointment on leaving  
N. Y. because I did so want to do  
something about painting magazine



but I have cherished hopes  
of the future. If what every  
one says is true, I shall  
be too busy keeping house  
& raising babies but, oh,  
Hugie, I feel sure I will  
have time to spare! Don't  
you think so. "Where there's  
a will" has always been  
to me the truest of proverbs.  
Finally, today, I have  
finished my list - except for

colors but I did nothing -  
I lack an awful lot of  
some thing. But I am hoping  
Hugie dear, that some time  
when we are settled I shall  
have enough time to try  
my darndest to earn a  
little money artistically!  
In N. Y. I was always  
working and hadn't my own  
studio and here I do nothing  
but get ready for "Holy Matrimony"



those that will come straggling  
into our memories. I have 320  
up to date: You know you don't  
have to send me the names for  
several weeks - just the number.

Less than seven weeks, do you  
realize! and I have so much to  
do and can't seem to get started.  
The Brides maids want to order  
their clothes and I can't even think  
what colors I want! But I'm  
going to Philadelphia tomorrow  
and then a lot ought to be  
settled. But I shall be glad when  
I'm Mrs. Hugbie with two weeks  
ahead in which my only worry  
will be that all the world is  
not as happy as you & I!  
Oh Hugie sweetest, if we are not  
just the happiest couple I shall  
- well, I shall shoot you! Love,  
me!





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







- isn't that ridiculous? but  
after losing a couple pairs  
on the street because they were  
too worn out to stay put  
Ma insisted.

My goodness! all that on  
bloomers and you most  
likely don't know what they are.

We didn't go to Vtula be-  
cause Ma was sick. She  
stayed in bed and I had a  
great time making Dad's break-  
fast, etc and playing nurse.

April 29.

Hugo my love. I've just been  
running the sewing machine  
at sixty miles an hour - you  
ought to see me go! Ma  
thinks it's awful, but she  
can't deny I accomplish things!  
I made two pairs of bloomers  
in an hour - not beautiful  
bloomers for my transcean  
like Ma makes but plain  
ones to wear until June 21st



Isn't it the same day last week that we each didn't write? Dad! I enjoyed it because so rarely does Ma allow any thing to be done for her. But tomorrow we are going to Phila - all three of us - I wish we knew your number on the list so we could order the "invites" - but I guess there's time.

I didn't get a letter from you today and I leave before the mail tomorrow so I won't hear that you still love me until tomorrow night. You do still love me, don't you, Sweetie? I love you, still more every day and am beginning to get excited about the wedding. "Here comes the bride!" Oh, Hugo dear and there you will be waiting for me at the end of that long aisle! Gosh, Hugo! And from then on out - you and I - Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Dingley!! Oh - boy! Good night! Shortest.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belmont  
Penny Lane







if your idea of being engaged  
is merely having ~~a~~ good  
time you'd better find some  
one who doesn't want to be  
married but merely engaged  
for years and years. I am  
not pleased with you - I can-  
not get over the surprise at  
your attitude - the Hugo I love  
is patient, thoughtful and  
forebearing.

Oh, yes, I realize that you  
are very tired from your work

May first.

I am going to scold you, dear  
Hugo - after waiting sixty hours  
for a letter from you, getting it  
at eleven after coming home from  
a tiresome day in Phila., to read  
such a short complaining one  
was just too much and then  
this morning's was not a bit  
better. If you think it is worth  
a hard trip getting ready for  
a wedding you had better  
not get married - as then! Ah



and that list is a bore and can excuse  
you a little bit, but please, dear, re-  
member that I too made out a list  
and that I have to spend all my time  
sewing, trying on clothes and planning  
clothes for eight other girls which isn't  
easy with eight different tastes.

And about my coming to see  
you - I am every bit as anxious to see  
you as you are to see me and I  
have the family to battle with -  
with the time so short and expenses  
so great it is not surprising that  
they don't want me to go away.

Can't you see their point? If you  
can't I am afraid, Nugi's dear, that I  
can't marry you. For there is just one  
thing I can not abide in married  
life and that is the everlasting wrangle  
between the in-laws. There is no  
reason for it in this case for my  
ma & Dad are the dearest in the  
world and would cut off their nose



that I love you most dearly  
but today it doesn't seem  
as if things were going to  
be so perfect as I had at  
ways imagined life with my  
husband would be. I want  
sympathy awfully much,  
sweeties, and today when I cried  
Daddy came in and hugged me  
but Mother didn't understand.  
Daddy is always there at the  
right moment and I fondly  
thought you would be the

right hands to please me.  
And they like you immensely  
and it distresses me greatly  
to have you, even half in jest,  
say any thing against them.  
I love your family and did  
so hope that you could love  
mine.

Oh, Hughie, every thing sort  
of smashed this morning. You  
disappointed me and then  
nothing seemed to matter.  
It isn't a passion for them  
is no doubt in my mind



same, but today I am not sure.

It is foolish of me to write this way for I know the reason - worse  
are and not here - but it is a failing  
of mine to believe myself absolutely  
right, when in the dumps or in the clouds.  
I asked you not long ago if you  
really love me enough to understand  
my savings and marry me with them,  
but you answered by demanding of  
me whether I loved you for once &  
for all. I do love you - you know it,  
but you only know your own heart  
and, please, tell me frankly for we  
don't want to marry unless we are  
really fitted for each other. Please!  
You will get this tomorrow at  
noon and will know a little later  
whether I am coming or not. If I  
come you can tell me while driving  
me home and please, oh, please, don't  
let my presence and the mountain's  
influence you. But if I don't come



write and tell me every thing  
tomorrow night and mail  
it that same evening.

And only one thing  
will prevent me from  
coming - the worse. If it  
comes tomorrow I'd better  
not take the trip and have  
the excitement of going to  
Bellevue, but will wait  
till the next week-end. I  
have no idea whether  
it will come or not, but am



praying that it won't. If  
you don't hear from me again  
I won't be there. I'll wire you  
tomorrow afternoon if I can  
come. Oh, Hugie dear, I hope so!

We'll discuss the other  
wedding when I see you. Don't  
send the list - I have no Gifts  
people on mine - no Mabel  
Kupper, etc, so you can judge.

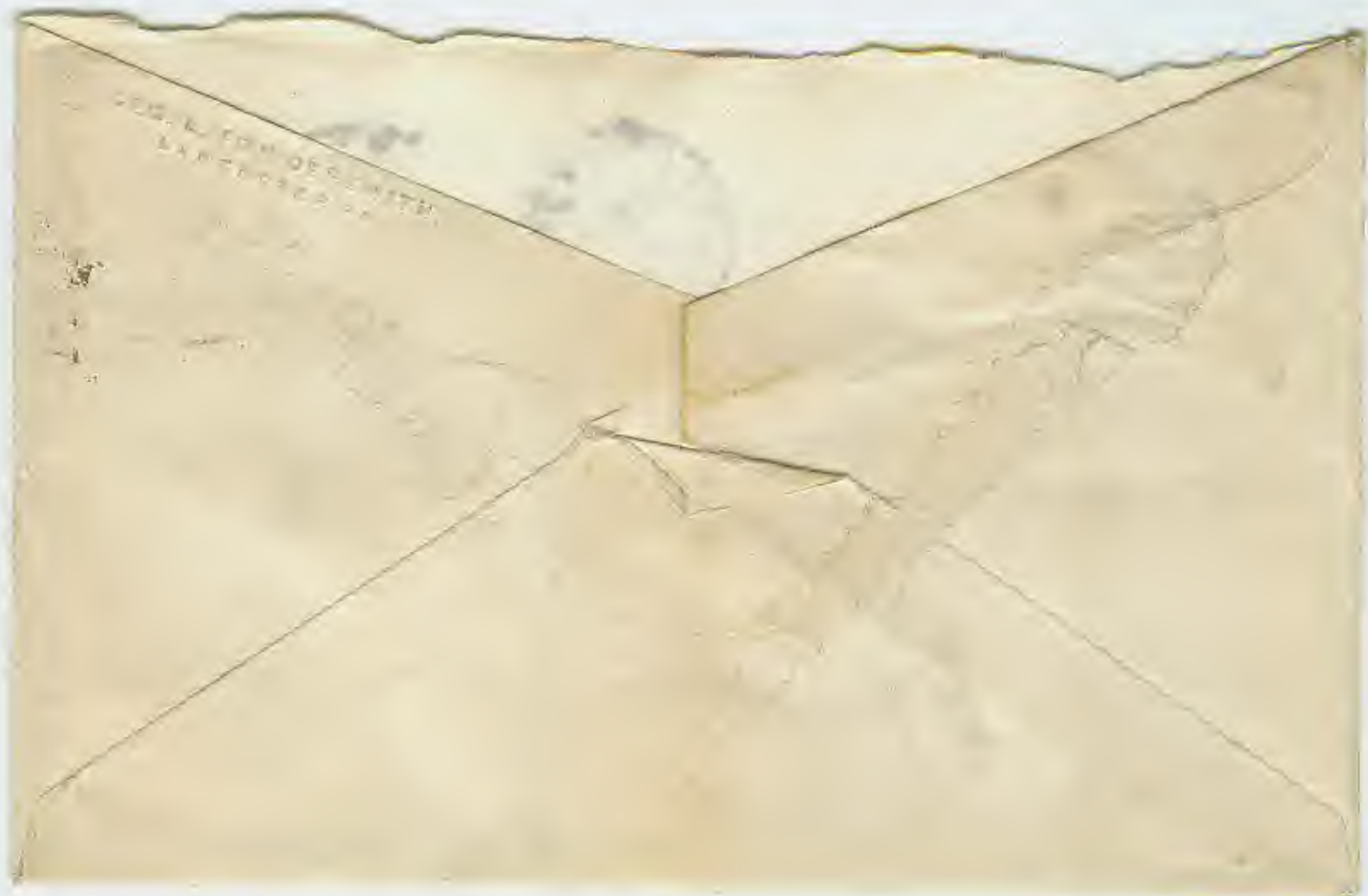
Mum & I bought out Phila.  
yesterday! And I got two lovely  
evening dresses - wait till you  
see them! Well, I must go to lunch  
so bye-bye for now. Your me.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







see you - but, oh, there you  
were, waving in that nice  
broad way you have and how  
I wanted to be with you! But  
the next time! - oh, Hugo! the  
next time!

gracious. I almost forgot  
the news! we have four  
presents already!!!! The invitations  
were received this morning  
and I've had the queerest  
feeling all day - so important!  
and tonight when I came home  
from shopping with Miss

5 North Limer St.  
June 2.

Hugo dear, this was started to  
be a thank-you note to some-  
body else - hence the address  
in the corner! But I'll make  
it into a thank-you note to  
you for the wonderful week-  
end - it was wonderful, every  
minute of it, wasn't it, sweetest.

Last night when we waited  
so long for the train to go out  
I was afraid it wouldn't be  
worth it - that we wouldn't



there was a lovely blue pottery bowl from  
Phil - not what he first intended - but  
a beauty. And two glass things with  
gold edges that we don't know how  
to name from a Mrs. Brinton and her  
son - they (the glass things!) look like two



different sizes and one is deeper  
with a glass spoon in it - a  
salad set I think. And Dr. & Mrs. Appel  
& Lily gave us a dozen lovely dinner  
plates - with roses painted on and  
Lily and Nell gave us a big round  
silver (sheffield) platter - a chop  
plate - soup - but it will be  
useful for most every thing. You  
must describe all these to your  
mother - she will be interested. It  
is so exciting! I had no idea - ex-  
cept for Susie's - that they would  
begin to come so soon! And our  
tiny apartment to put them in!

Phil tried to impose it upon



the man willing he was to  
do any thing for you - as been  
that in mind - too I can't  
imagine what it would be.

Kitty just phoned and  
was flabbergasted when I  
told her of the presents as  
she's coming right down!  
I hope she doesn't stay long  
for I must admit I am  
tired - yes, I was too! As soon  
as you left I just collapsed  
and haven't recovered yet.



I had an awful thought - I  
may not get the cure again  
for ten months! Hagar, do  
ask Dr. Dale soon for it  
just wouldn't do - would it.

How are you more than ever  
worn out & good-natured! How  
you how even when I think  
of you as tired and grumpy!  
And you must be tired  
tonight after your trip over  
the mountain - oh, how I  
wish I were there! - and these  
three weeks how I dread  
them! But - in your little room.





Mr. Hugh M. Quigley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







God goodness! I forgot this side - I am  
sick! I'm glad I have more room for I  
wanted to remark on the coincidence of  
each of our letters yesterday saying we  
really do love each other and that it  
was a wonderful visit, the best yet.  
I still think so - it must have been as  
you say - the sunshine after the storm,  
Sunday - so maybe it won't be such a  
calamity if sometime in the distant  
future we have another little tiff - but  
in the near future, my - and it will be  
our best. Hugie, darling, I am most impatient  
for June 1st, for I love you madly. Great.

June 3.

Hugie dearest, that was a  
marvelous letter this morning -  
just the kind I adore - and  
I've been worried for fear mine  
of yesterday wasn't so nice.  
I have been feeling so sick, you  
see - we have about decided  
it is the novo-cain he put  
in my tooth and I've been  
to him again today so that  
now it is throbbing and throbbing.  
But it is bound to get



well soon and you love me so every-  
thing is all right.

No more wedding presents today  
tho it's only two o'clock. Ma can't think  
what she told you to do - if any thing.  
And please ask your Ma if there is a  
woman in B'k'n who could embroider  
nice initials for me. Don't forget.

I had an "experience" today sort of  
like yours in the Bellevue - I got on  
a street car with a five dollar bill &  
the conductor said I'd have to ride to  
the square till he could change it - I  
was mad 'cause I was to meet Ma  
before we got to the square & I was  
very late. After riding a couple blocks I  
went back to argue with him and dis-  
covered that a college boy who'd got  
on with me had paid my fare!!  
But the boy had got off!

I'll send off those rascals and any  
more you think of - Ted had me  
doubled up so many. Well - forgive this  
stupid letter - I won't have a tooth pulled ever  
again! Yours me.





Mr. Hugh M. Lingley  
Beltfonte  
Pennsylvania







for you and me with them!  
They were from a family here  
who used to keep my dog "Billie"  
when we went away.

And the other present was  
two very good-looking scones  
you know - candle sticks that  
hang up on the wall. They are  
brass and hold five candles  
and really are beauties - and  
who, do you think, sent them?  
Margaret + Stewart Coryell!  
I have already thanked them  
each with a little note. I

June 4<sup>th</sup>

Hugie dear - No letter from you  
today - too - too - and I was not  
going to write to you for I have  
so much to do but two more  
presents came today and it is  
all getting so exciting that I  
simply must write to you.  
One present was a dear little  
carving knife + fork - smaller I  
think than the silver ones I have  
at Aunt Luises - and they look  
very useful - I can just see  
you carving dear little scones



am going to try to thank every body just  
as soon as they come so they won't ac-  
cumulate for the wedding trip.

And "regrets" & "accepts" have been coming  
so fast - One you sent to Rudloff or some-  
thing in Montclair was regretted today from  
Boston! - less than three days. But none  
of yours have accepted yet. The Sheffers  
in Tyrone regretted and Henry Keller & some-  
body Warriner and the John Blanchards &  
Miss Mary Blanchard. You don't want  
me to tell you who - regrets each day, do  
you - it would be pretty hard later on.

I was up most of the night coaxing  
my tooth hole but it is better today - or  
else the excitement is making me forget -  
it is awfully exciting and I wish you  
were here - every time the door bell rings  
I wish - only I do wish - there would be  
a letter from you - I guess it'll come to-  
morrow. I feel sort of lost without it.  
It seems a long time since you were here  
but really it won't be so long until I'm <sup>legally</sup> <sub>your</sub> home





Mr. Hugh M. Luigley  
Bell-efon to  
Perryway Wania







and as for the third floor she  
can put as many coats of  
paper up there as she wants.  
I leave it all to her - nice of  
me, isn't it - who knows so much  
about keeping house etc. Really  
your Ma is just too lovely.

And tell Scotty to let you see  
the present & then send it  
down here - I must see it soon.  
And as for Ellis he can do as  
he likes altho I think it would  
be nicer to get us something  
before the wedding.

I can't read this over as Ma is right behind me & might  
accidentally glance!

June 5-

Hugie dear! Two letters from  
you and ten more presents!  
What a day! And how I  
wish you were here - it makes  
me so mad to have you so  
far away.

Before I forget let me answer  
your questions - Tell your Ma  
I'd be delighted to have the  
bathroom painted - then we  
can splash all we want!



Susie is coming in a minute to see the presents and is bringing poor Phil along. She said they had a most delightful letter from you. Oh, dear, Kate is here now but I'll try to entertain her & write to you too - some times I'm afraid I'll not be able to write - for instance tonight I have ten notes to write and they really haven't begun to come yet! But I'd rather write to you, you know.

I'm feeling better this I have rose cold now - Ma kept cooing to throw your roses away but wouldn't until the last precious one had faded.

Those darn invitations came yesterday, without the reception cards so we are still delayed.

Henry Keller sent six dear little salt & peppers, you know the kind and Jack Lodding, a silver peanut spoon. And then Kansas people sent two glass candlesticks, a blue glass bowl, a green glass vase, a silver candy dish & spoon, six darling green plates from Skinney, a little silver hot water jug and a silver hat



and a glass with silver top no-  
tasses jug from Judge & Mrs.  
Keller. Isn't that wonderful?

I'm awfully mad - Ma &  
Kitty are sitting here talking  
and how can I write? I'd  
like to comment on all  
you write about - Bud's  
wedding, etc. - but how  
the mischief, can I?

Dad & I went down town  
& hang out your wedding  
present - gosh, it was fun!



But I wonder if you'll  
like it!

Well, Hugie dear, I must  
stop nally. I love you  
just as does -- is that better  
than "madly"? But I love

you just every way pos-  
sible that is nice. I love,  
love, love you --! Hugie  
dearest Sweeties -- and only  
two weeks and two days  
more! It's actually approaching  
always your home.





Mr. Hugh M. Singley  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania







yesterday the bowl from the  
murray Andrews. And a pewter  
pitcher for water - very good-  
looking and an unusual black  
glass bowl and Mrs. Powers on  
the floor below gave me a Tong  
and iron cigarette box in spite  
of what the family may say.

There is a terrific thunder  
storm going on and the lights  
went out while I was writing  
"may say" - They're on now, but  
light is beating the windows.  
I'm glad this is not June 21st!

June 20<sup>th</sup>.

Hugie dear, I missed your letter  
today, but I hope you had a  
nice time at the dance. I stopped  
at the Lippels once today to rest  
coming from the dress makers,  
but no one was there 'cept Mrs.  
A. & she gave me your letter  
to read & said the nicest things  
about you. It was a nice letter.

Four more presents today -  
a lovely green glass bowl  
which matches the vase we got



Nan Beebe sent me a negligee which she made and I tried it on for Ma & Susie and really they were shocked! I look as if I'd been in the "Follies Bergie" or whatever it is, only I haven't got the figure! I don't think I'll take it on our wedding trip!

I have lost four pounds lately and Ma is worried and every one says I look so tired! I think it is interesting and like it for I don't feel nearly so badly as I did last week - not one-thousandth in fact! I was miserable, before you came. It is just my tooth-hole now.

I saw a funeral today as I walked past a cemetery and it started me thinking how it would be if you died now or in a year or so! It was very unpleasant, Hughie dearest. I almost wept. In fact, I can't bear to think of it just as I write it for if you died I would want to die, too. I love you, dear, more each minute and have sort of become a part of you, I guess. And in two weeks! Oh, Hughie, isn't it too wonderful? Your me.





Mr. Hugh M. Lighty

Belleville

Perway Wm's







the reception cards came today so what's settled!  
tell you about the nice cigarette  
box, didn't I? - well, today we  
got a black wooden sort of  
magazine tray and a lovely pair  
of tooled leather book ends from  
Jane Boyd & her brother and Mrs.  
Weimer gave us a lovely round  
tray of glass with lace in between  
it and a gilt edge - very good-  
looking. And we got a dear  
little old table with a marble  
top & a fence around it - tell  
you Ma I think it will fit  
in the hall. Also, a little brass  
lamp with crystal dangles and

June 7 - 14 - 21!

Hug is dear, two weeks from this  
minute - nine o'clock - oh, boy -  
let's change the subject else I'll  
die of a heart attack.

It was a nice letter from  
you today and the news of the  
Angotore episode gave me a  
funny feeling - I'm glad it's  
settled - another time I'll quote  
the description from the book  
but right now Ma is lying  
on my bed, and might be  
curious. Last night - oh, I did



an evening & Mary coming as soon as possible & wants them.  
six lovely glasses with green bases. I'm  
getting quite a glass collection and  
six little glass plates. And an old maid  
friend of Ma's sent a dear little blue pin  
cushion which won't do you much good!

The answers to the invitations are coming  
in rather slowly - the Rays regretted.

I don't know what I've done today  
but I seemed to be making most of  
the time - the bridesmaids hats are still  
giving me trouble and I'm becoming  
quite a diplomat with the dress wearing  
ladies and the six girls. I do  
hope Helen & Mary will like them.

Please tell Aunt Louise that I'm trying  
to write to her but - oh, where is the time?  
Kitty & one of her beads just dropt in  
and ruined one perfectly good evening.  
I may not write tomorrow as I haven't  
written the thank yous yet - please  
don't feel badly if I don't, for you  
know I've you to distractions &  
would much prefer to write to you  
than "them" - I do hope we have as  
perfect a day as today for the 21<sup>st</sup>. When





Mr. Hugh M. Tingley  
Bellevue to  
Pennywanna







silver dish and Miss Winifred  
Gates (who is she?) a copper  
vase and Mr. Albert Buckloff  
(who is he?) a cunning hot  
milk jug - these are from  
yours - today and yesterday  
oh, but, Hugie I just can't  
tell you them all - there  
are fifty three up to date!  
It is just appalling and  
I've been running around  
like mad - dress makers,

Many & Misses must be very soon sewers. & the women's room  
Friday  
if not  
sooner.

June 12<sup>th</sup>  
Hugie dear, I've just written  
to Mr. & Mrs. Phillips!! And  
fifteen others before that!!  
My arm is just about worn  
out but, oh, it is so ex-  
citing. (I can hardly write  
naturally - without being so  
polite, that is!) The Phillips  
sent us a lovely Benares  
bass tray and Martha  
whittens a dear little silver



Can't you tell Mr. Chalmers you just must have a longer vacation?  
wedding veils and down with the  
girls to see their dresses - they look  
not awful.

And, Hughie dear, I haven't written  
since Saturday - ages ago! But  
I just haven't the time - I'm plodding  
wordless thoughts all the time -  
do you get them? I hope so, dear.

I'm awfully sorry but all the  
invitations are gone - all the  
envelopes that is - how about  
you sending yours to the Warners  
& Fred Warner and I'll try to find  
some envelopes in town for the rest  
of them.

Really, life is so exciting  
just now that I don't know how  
I'm going to stand it! - and all  
because I love you and you love  
me! Oh, Hughie! Always, your me.





Mr. H. M. Lingley  
Beltsford -  
Va.







funny note - I just love  
the locket and am  
wearing it around my  
neck on a chain -  
but - you can wear it  
half the time on your  
watch chain - (though I  
think you will look  
well with that on your  
watch chain) Then, a  
lovely silver <sup>Mrs's insert</sup> basket from  
the Loos - two yellow  
vases from Mrs Hastings.  
a gilt bowl from Mrs  
Richards - another basket  
from Mabel & Lynn -  
a dozen beautiful goblets

Launceston - June 11. 1924

Dear Hughie -

Mother is writing this  
for me because my arm  
is now out with writing  
forever three thank you  
notes - We certainly must  
be a very popular young  
couple from the presents  
that are pouring in -  
they began before break-  
fast with a lovely locket  
of feather work - done in  
Dagosta from Mr Gibson  
who wrote a very nice



from Mr & Mrs Sheets - Who are they?  
A cardstock Table from the Folies.  
if the Bluffers send one - we  
will have one, at each end  
of cardstock - the rest are  
from my friends and you  
will see them when you  
come - It is lots of fun to  
rule to people, one does not  
know - I had no letter from  
you today - but - suppose it is  
the mails. Do see that Mary  
and Hentzel get here early  
enough - I was tempted to suggest  
to the "bosses" to give you a  
longer vacation - but tactfully  
aid not - I <sup>will</sup> ~~should~~ give Miss  
Carrie, samples of the dresses  
to she can carry out her  
color scheme with the floors.  
(<sup>Ma inserting again!</sup> Tell your Mother - Hugh, that I enjoyed  
her letter and if I have a minutes  
breathing space, I will answer it -  
and tell her to come down as  
soon as she can for I think she  
will enjoy the excitement of every  
thing.) My arm is strong enough to write  
I - love - you! Devotedly, Yours me.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Bell-efon to  
Perryway Wania







And as for Fud's suggestion  
about Lottie's luncheon - I'm  
afraid it can't be done. She is  
all set for it and it would  
break her heart - it is very nice  
of her to do it for us and I can't  
bear to say a word. I am  
sorry, Hugie dear, for I'd like to  
please you - but I can't this time.  
You won't all so much of us -  
at the dances there will be lots  
of people and they won't last  
so long that you all can't get  
up and have your golf - Lottie

June 12<sup>th</sup>

Hugie dear, three letters from  
you today - do you remember  
how excited I used to get in N. Y.  
if that happened? But today -  
well, they might have been from  
my stage manager if I were an  
actress!

I've sent invitations to all  
six of your list - the Hurlocks  
were in but one envelope - each  
for I couldn't find two to fit  
that way without looking  
makeshiftier than they were.



Lunch is at the country club and you can come right in from your game - it is not a cutaway affair, you know. And you can be together at golf or anything all afternoon too and Saturday until time for the wedding.

It distresses me, Maggie, to leave you so unhappy about this gay wedding and it is too late now to change it. But there is still one thing we can change - our wedding trip. If it is going to worry you about the money why don't we just go to Atlantic City on Saturday & stay till Monday - (I must use the bright batting suit I've just made!) and then go home and have the rest of your vacation settling our house and having golf lessons? I would really enjoy that much more than a trip to Canada if you are going to be worried about finances.

I have been very much upset lately about you - and have talked a lot to Ma and she has stood



feel the same about me. I  
love you, only there are times  
when I am so disappointed  
in you— for instance, you  
have known about this big  
wedding as long as I have  
and yet up to the last  
minutes you make remarks  
about it that make me un-  
happy. When I don't think  
of you in connection with  
it I am so happy— receiving  
all these wonderful presents

up for you and put a lot  
of sense into my empty head.  
I was quite convinced we were  
making a mistake and was  
just sick about it. And I'll  
tell you this— you are not  
my ideal but you are as  
near to it as I can ~~get~~ get, I guess. In fact if I  
even hoped I could find  
that ideal I would not marry  
you. But Ma reminded  
me that no one is perfect  
and that you most likely



and getting so many clothes and  
having people giving such nice  
parties for me - but, oh, Hugie, it  
spoils it all if you do not like it, too.

I am sorry to write this letter - I  
expect too much, I'm afraid - but  
I've been spoiled by my family al-  
ways coming up to my greatest ex-  
pectations.

I'm returning this card from  
Caldwells - I don't know if it is for  
Charley's dishes or whose - so you  
attend to it, please.

Twenty more presents today -  
beauties - tho' a few more green bowls  
it is ridiculous the run on green - green  
glasses, green plates and every thing I had  
say it's because my name is Irish!

Well, I must write those twenty  
notes, so good-night, dear, and for-  
give me and love me. A long week  
from tonight you will be here and  
every thing will be sunny again, sunny.  
Ah, I love you - write & tell me you love me. Now





Mr. Hugh M. Zwigley  
Bellefonte  
Pa.



305 NORTH DUKE STREET  
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA



June 15<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Hugie.

I'm at the Appels waiting for supper - we have all just been swimming in a pool in a park at the edge of town - it was great, except I slid down a slide and bruised my pelvic girdle! I am so then that the bones stick way out!

Phil just gave me this pen but I don't think it will last long!

I haven't heard from you since the letter you wrote Wednesday and I'm awfully unhappy. Hugie - don't you love me - oh Hugie dear, why don't you write - I want to hear from you so much - a nice old-time letter - damn that pen - please, Hugie write to your little Norbert.

About a hundred & thirty presents are now congregated in our new dining room - it is pathetic - I don't know what we will do



with them all! "Uncle Dick" sent us a half  
a dozen silver + china Famillon cups and  
coffee cups with dear little silver plates - they  
are just too lovely! And Kate sent us  
a tea wagon and Charlotte + Bessie each  
a lamp & very different kinds and the Graces  
in Macon some lovely plates and Tess  
Alison some cute little candlesticks and  
oh heavens - I just can't think of them all.

To day Margaret + Jane gave a  
lovely luncheon for me - every one was  
peppy and it was great - when I got  
home there were again presents waiting  
to be opened! And I haven't written them  
eighteen notes yet! Your Aunt Gert  
came in last night and told me all  
about your relatives so now maybe  
I have them straight in my mind - then



are an awful lot - but then I have a  
few new cousins for you, too - '2nd &  
first cousins.' Did you ever know that?  
I had a letter from one of them - Cal -  
saying he can't come to the wedding -  
my heart was broken - 'rit!

We were awfully sorry Mary &  
Hennie couldn't get here in time for  
Mrs. Brensmann's luncheon but will get  
Tiny Appel & Bubbie's sister & take them  
places, I think. You'll like Bubbie's sister.  
She's six feet high!

Did I tell you I had my portrait  
done - just a black & white sketch -  
some one is giving it to us for a  
present - but a most attractive  
young Russian did it and he told  
me I was beautiful, etc and oh, how



I liked him! Do you think I am beautiful, Hagie? But what got me was - he said "you have a little moustache!" - now can you beat that? He liked it - to look at, Hagie you understand! Ma says foreigners always like moustaches in women. Ted I didn't marry a foreigner! Good gosh, I'm not married yet! I get ~~mad~~ when you don't write for fear you don't really love me - Hagie darling, you do love me, don't you? Why don't you write - only a few days more Hagie and then we wait have to write but please write! Think of it, Hagie dear, next Sunday we'll be all married - just you & me in the Ford together - please write, I should be so happy so near my wedding day that how can I be happy when I don't see you

why - you - why is it? you have no little moustache - only to me, please





Mr. Wm. M. Lingley  
Beltsfont  
Vernoy Wania







were, each one furious at the  
other and not knowing it and  
over what? Damme! if I can  
remember so long ago. But  
any way I do hope its all right  
now for I am itching to get  
that letter you are itching to  
write. What am I to do with  
you - I get perfectly furious  
at you and then you don't  
do what I expect but call  
me your "sun dear collector  
of green glass" and I just

I want to know why you didn't answer her letter  
(the dictated one)

June 16<sup>th</sup>

Hugie dear, really we  
are the funniest couple! I  
had to laugh at us when  
I got your letter - I was  
getting awfully mad at you -  
no letters and this morning  
when none came I had an  
awful attack and planned  
a telegram - but the afternoon  
mail spoiled it. There we



can't keep a straight face. You're in-  
credibly, sugie darling, but I love you,  
yes, I love you awfully much and guess  
that's why I get so terribly mad at you!

I had a nice letter from "Stew" today.  
I wish I could answer it but, oh, sugie,  
thirty presents arrived today and I  
just don't see how I can write them  
all tonight - I'm tired now from  
mending last minute orders, etc!  
Gosh, I'll be glad when we are married.  
But I don't think there will be much  
left of me for you, sugie dear.

I applied today for a drivers  
license and got a thrill by signing  
myself "Elinora Reynolds Quigley" - I  
wish it were true - this week is going  
to be hell and endless.

I must stop now for supper,  
but please, sugie, write me one  
nice letter before you come. What  
time will you get here? we must get  
the license. All my love, dear - yours me.





Mr. Hugh M. Dingley  
Bellfonte

Vanessa



Did you ever ask Rev. M. to officiate?

164.55



here as early as you can and  
if I'm at lunch come out to  
the country club for me, please!  
Hugie! in twenty-four hours! - or  
is it forty eight?

We are disappointed that  
Aunt Louise didn't come - do  
hope Aunt Ted recovers quickly.  
Aunt Phil is a great one -  
coming down for my wedding  
and then <sup>not</sup> going to the bridal  
parties. Tell him I'm very  
much hurt. I thought he

June 17<sup>th</sup>

Hugie my love, this is the  
last letter I'm going to write  
to you for some time! Think  
of it! you will soon be here  
and then we'll be married  
and then - oh, Hugie - I love you!  
And you love me, don't you -  
and we're going to be awfully  
happy, aren't we? Hugie, I just  
simply can't wait till you  
come on Thursday - do get



loved me and am dis appointed. But  
between you and me I don't know if  
he is there or not! Oaly I hate to have  
every one know I have a uncle cousin.  
Of course, trenchons are <sup>not</sup> generally for  
men, but they have to eat, so why  
not be gay and merry about it.

I got all my notes off last  
night and now have eighteen  
more! We got another half dozen  
silver coffee cups like Aunt Dick's - I  
just love them. I never saw so  
many wonderful things, really!

Dearie me - hours have passed  
and your aunt just has been here &  
Aunt Maud arrived. I can't remember  
now what else I was going to say -  
tell Steve to bring his sister with him  
on Thurs day if she'd like to go to the  
dances and if you can - tell Uncle Fred  
how sorry I am that he is sick.

Good night, Hugie dear - the next  
time I say that I'll kiss you, too. Love, me.